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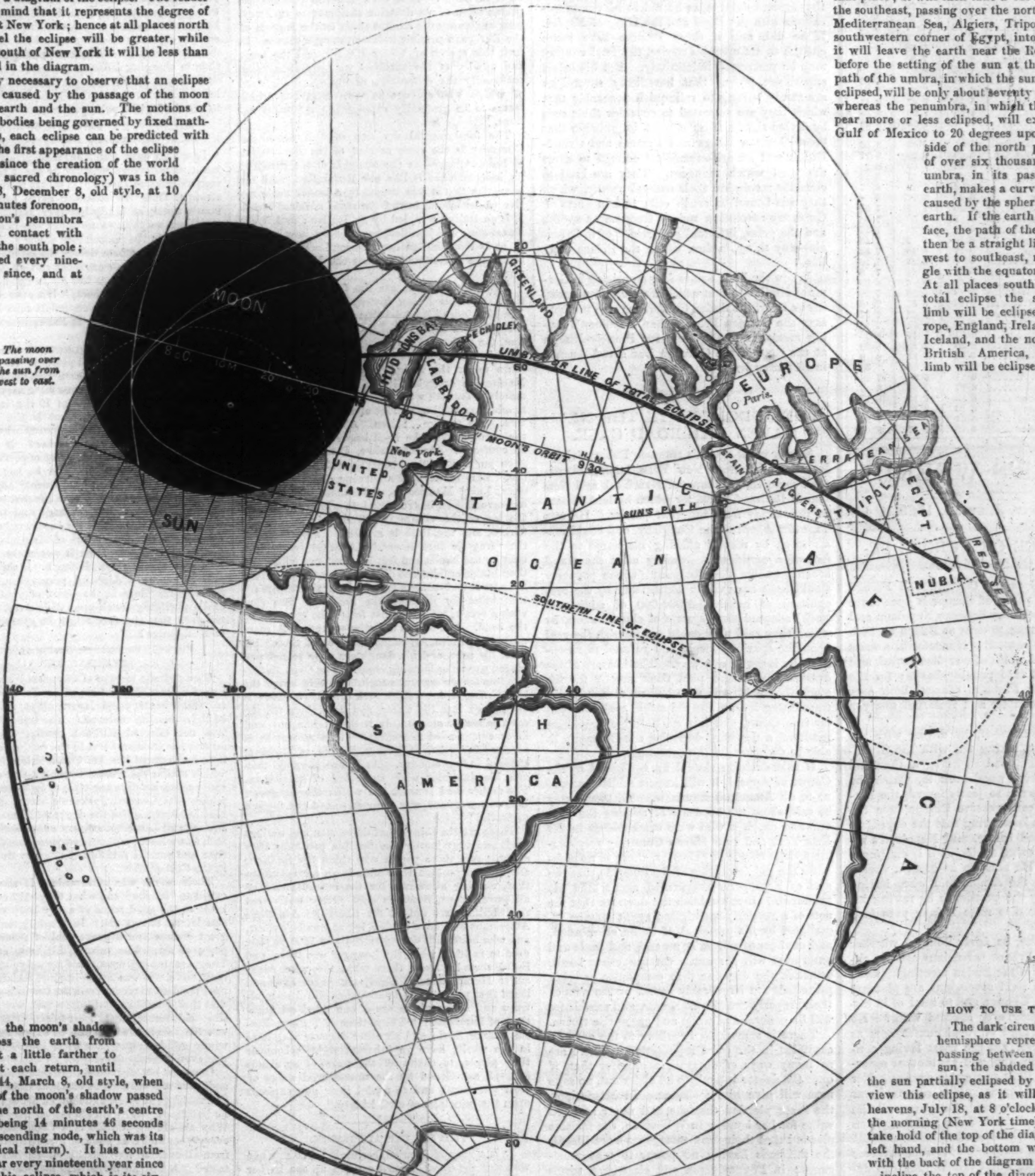
ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON THE EIGHTEENTH JULY.

On 18th July inst. an eclipse of the sun will take place, which will be more or less visible throughout the United States and Canada. We publish below a diagram of the eclipse. The reader must bear in mind that it represents the degree of observation at New York; hence at all places north of this parallel the eclipse will be greater, while at all places south of New York it will be less than is represented in the diagram.

It is hardly necessary to observe that an eclipse of the sun is caused by the passage of the moon between the earth and the sun. The motions of the heavenly bodies being governed by fixed mathematical laws, each eclipse can be predicted with certainty. The first appearance of the eclipse of 18th inst. since the creation of the world (according to sacred chronology) was in the year A.D. 958, December 8, old style, at 10 o'clock 50 minutes forenoon, when the moon's penumbra just came in contact with the earth at the south pole; it has appeared every nineteenth year since, and at each return the moon's shadow passed across the earth from west to east a little farther to the north at each return, until the year 1644, March 8, old style, when the centre of the moon's shadow passed a little to the north of the earth's centre (the moon being 14 minutes 46 seconds from her descending node, which was its 38th periodical return). It has continued to appear every nineteenth year since 1644, until this eclipse, which is its sixty-first periodical return. Its next appearance will be in 1878, July 29, at 3 o'clock 23 minutes in the morning, invisible in the United States. It will also appear again in 1896, August 9. It will continue to appear every nineteenth year until the year 2274, April 25, when the moon's shadow will just touch the earth at the north pole, which will be its seventy-sixth periodical and last appearance, until the expiration of 12,492 years, when it will come on again at the south pole, and go through a similar course. The velocity of the moon's shadow across the earth during the eclipse will be about 1850 miles an hour, or four times the velocity of a *cannon-ball*.



The moon passing over the sun from west to east.

DIAGRAM OF THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON JULY 18, 1860.

THE PATH OF THE ECLIPSE.

The penumbra, or partial shadow of the moon, will first come in contact with the earth at the rising of the sun in the northern part of Texas, between the Indian Territory and New Mexico; it will then take a northeasterly and then a southeasterly course over the earth. The umbra, or total dark shadow of the moon, will first come in contact with the earth in the Pacific Ocean, one hundred miles west of the coast of Oregon, directly west of Oregon city, and a little to the southwest of the mouth of the Columbia River. It will then pass in a northeasterly direction over British America to Hudson's Bay, near Fort York, at the mouth of Nelson's River, crossing Hudson's Bay and Labrador to Cape Chidley, which will be the most favorable position on the Continent for observing the total eclipse. It will then enter the Atlantic Ocean, passing due east until nearly south of Cape Farewell, the southern cape of Greenland, where the sun will be totally eclipsed at noon of that place; it will then take a curved line toward the southeast, passing over the north of Spain, the Mediterranean Sea, Algiers, Tripoli, Fezzan, the southwestern corner of Egypt, into Nubia, where it will leave the earth near the Red Sea, a little before the setting of the sun at that place. The path of the umbra, in which the sun will be totally eclipsed, will be only about seventy miles in width; whereas the penumbra, in which the sun will appear more or less eclipsed, will extend from the Gulf of Mexico to 20 degrees upon the opposite side of the north pole, a distance of over six thousand miles. The umbra, in its passage over the earth, makes a curved line; this is caused by the spherical form of the earth. If the earth were a flat surface, the path of the umbra would then be a straight line from northwest to southeast, making an angle with the equator of 17 degrees. At all places south of the line of total eclipse the sun's northern limb will be eclipsed; but in Europe, England, Ireland, Greenland, Iceland, and the northern part of British America, the southern limb will be eclipsed.

HOW TO USE THE DIAGRAM.

The dark circular shade on the hemisphere represents the moon passing between the earth and sun; the shaded disk represents the sun partially eclipsed by the moon. To view this eclipse, as it will appear in the heavens, July 18, at 8 o'clock 10 minutes in the morning (New York time), face the east, take hold of the top of the diagram with your left hand, and the bottom with your right, with the back of the diagram toward the eye—incline the top of the diagram toward the north at an angle of about 45°, so that the north pole of the hemisphere will point as near as possible to the *North Star*; with the diagram in this position look through the back toward the sun at the time of the eclipse, and you will then have a true representation of the eclipse, and the exact position of the earth, moon, and sun at the time of the greatest obscuration, and the appearance it will present viewed through a smoked glass—as the moon is continually passing to the east, it will first come in contact with the upper limb of the sun, passing down over the sun's disk toward the horizon in the direction of the line of the moon's orbit.

HOUR AT WHICH THE ECLIPSE WILL BE VISIBLE.

The following table will show the hour at which the eclipse will be visible at the various cities on this continent:

NAME OF PLACE.	Eclipse begins.	Middle of Eclipse.	Eclipse ends.
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Quebec, Canada East	7 24	8 30	9 35
Montreal, Canada East	7 12	8 17	9 21
Toronto, Canada East	6 45	7 46	8 48
Halifax, Nova Scotia	8 0	9 8	10 15
St. John, New Brunswick	7 50	8 57	10 3
Eastport, Maine	7 44	8 51	9 57
Bangor, Maine	7 36	8 42	9 47
Augusta, Maine	7 31	8 36	9 41
Portland, Maine	7 28	8 32	9 36
Concord, New Hampshire	7 22	8 25	9 28
Montpelier, Vermont	7 17	8 21	9 25
Boston, Massachusetts	7 24	8 27	9 30
Lowell, Massachusetts	7 23	8 26	9 29
Springfield, Massachusetts	7 17	8 19	9 21
Nantucket, Massachusetts	7 29	8 31	9 33
Providence, Rhode Island	7 22	8 24	9 26
Hartford, Connecticut	7 16	8 21	9 26
New Haven, Connecticut	7 15	8 17	9 18
New York, New York	7 10	8 10	9 10
Albany, New York	7 11	8 12	9 13
Rochester, New York	6 52	7 54	8 55
Buffalo, New York	6 47	7 49	8 50
Trenton, New Jersey	7 7	8 6	9 5
Des Moines, Iowa	5 42	6 39	7 35
Dubuque, Iowa	5 55	6 54	7 52
St. Paul, Minnesota	5 46	6 45	7 44
Madison, Wisconsin	6 1	7 0	7 58
Milwaukie, Wisconsin	6 7	7 6	8 4
Detroit, Michigan	6 28	7 28	8 27
Ann Arbor, Michigan	6 25	7 25	8 24
Chicago, Illinois	6 8	7 7	8 6
Philadelphia, Pennsylv'a.	7 4	8 3	9 2
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	6 56	7 55	8 54
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania	6 42	7 40	9 38
Wilmington, Delaware	7 4	8 2	9 0
Baltimore, Maryland	6 58	7 55	8 53
Washington, Dist. of Col.	6 56	7 53	8 50
Charlottesville, Virginia	6 49	7 45	8 41
Richmond, Virginia	6 54	7 50	8 45
Norfolk, Virginia	7 1	7 55	8 49
Raleigh, North Carolina	6 50	7 41	8 32
Wilmington, N. Carolina	6 53	7 43	8 33
Columbia, South Carolina	6 40	7 29	8 17
Charleston, S. Carolina	6 46	7 33	8 19
Savannah, Georgia	6 41	7 27	8 12
Augusta, Georgia	6 36	7 22	8 7
Milledgeville, Florida	6 29	7 17	8 4
Tallahassee, Florida	6 25	7 7	7 50
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	6 8	6 50	7 44
Mobile, Alabama	6 8	6 53	7 37
Montgomery, Alabama	6 15	7 2	7 48
Jackson, Mississippi	5 57	6 45	7 32
New Orleans, Louisiana	6 0	6 43	7 26
Galveston, Texas	5 36	6 21	7 5
San Antonio, Texas	5 21	6 6	6 50
Little Rock, Arkansas	5 48	6 38	7 28
St. Louis, Missouri	5 56	6 51	7 45
Jefferson City, Missouri	5 48	6 43	7 37
Lawrence, Kansas Ter.	5 35	6 29	7 23
Cincinnati, Ohio	6 21	7 17	8 13
Columbus, Ohio	6 28	7 25	8 22
Indianapolis, Indiana	6 14	7 11	8 8
Springfield, Illinois	5 59	6 56	7 52
Cairo, Illinois	6 1	6 55	7 48
Louisville, Kentucky	6 17	7 12	8 6
Frankfort, Kentucky	6 20	7 15	8 10
Shelbyville, Kentucky	6 18	7 13	8 8
Nashville, Tennessee	6 11	7 4	7 56
Knoxville, Tennessee	6 25	7 17	8 9

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 14, 1860.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE SECURED AGAIN.

According to the German and French papers, the peace of Europe is once more secured. The interview between Napoleon and a number of German princes at Baden on 16th June settled the matter. Henceforth, armies may be disbanded, ships of war dismantled, and swords converted into pruning-hooks; for the *Moniteur* and the *Prussian Gazette* both aver that war is impossible, and fraternal amity a fixed fact.

If all this be true—if, by dining with the Prince of Prussia, taking tea with the Grand-Duchess of Baden, and spending a thousand francs in the carved wood-work for which the Baden mechanics are so justly famed, the Emperor Napoleon can preserve Europe from the horrors of war, it is amazing that the expedient has not been tried before, and Napoleon's responsibility for having neglected it is enormous and appalling. He must be as great a wretch as that Genii in the Arabic tale who, having the power to stay the pestilence by raising his little finger, refused to raise it from pure laziness and malevolence.

It may, however, be fairly doubted whether the German and French politicians are not expecting too much of the Baden meeting. Civil speeches between rival sovereigns are pleasant things to hear on 'Change and to read of in history; but have they ever averted wars? No potentate was so fond of royal conferences as Napoleon the First; but the most loving conversations between him and his brother sovereigns availed but little to stay his armies. Nor will it now be different. If a cause of war arises between France and Germany, all the tender assurances given at Baden will float down the wind with other idle words.

The problem of the peace of Europe involves questions which no royal Conferences can determine. It is the fashion in England and in Germany to regard Napoleon as the natural disturber of the world's peace, and to assume that wars will last so long as he is on the throne of France. The same opinion prevailed with regard to his uncle, and, sure enough, there was no peace while he reigned; though whether he or his banded foes were the real promoters of the strife is still an open question. By-and-by, when the history of the Napoleonic era comes to be written philosophically, it will probably be discovered that the wars of the first, as the wars of the second Napoleon, were undertaken more from necessity than from choice; that uncle and nephew were mere Providential instruments in the great rebellion of democracy against established thrones and divine-right despotisms. So long as the peace of Europe can be maintained, it is the interest of Napoleon to maintain it; but when war becomes inevitable, it is vital to him to take a part in it. If the people of Europe were one and all satisfied with their governments; if no hideous wrongs were being perpetrated by cruel despots; if revolutionary societies were obsolete, and the art of raising barricades lost, we may rest assured that Napoleon would prevent national prejudices from breeding wars. For peace will secure his dynasty, strengthen his throne, enrich his people, develop his country, and ennoble his fame. But as the people of Europe are not satisfied with their governments; as atrocious despotisms still flourish, and revolutionary clubs still smoulder, it is contrary to Divine justice and human experience to believe that wars will not break out, sooner or later, and it would be fatal to Napoleon to remain a passive spectator of the broil.

It is quite probable that Napoleon may have touched upon this point in his conference with the German Princes, as he did in his communications with the Pope and the King of Naples. If he did, and if these Princes have sense enough to act upon his advice, the final conflict may be postponed indefinitely. But historical experience proves that hereditary sovereigns are rarely willing to relinquish peaceably that which they are educated to consider their own by divine right; it is, at least, improbable that these German Kings and Princes and Grand-Dukes will be self-sacrificing enough to avert the peril which menaces. They are bred to consider revolution their natural enemy, which they are bound to crush out; and in parts of Germany revolution means freedom of speech and the press, informal gatherings of individuals—any thing, in fact, which the Prince don't like.

When the hour comes for an uprising in Germany similar to that which we are now witnessing in Italy, the Baden Conference will no more save the German Princes than Napoleon's loving messages to the Emperor Francis-Joseph at the time of the Crimean war saved Austria in Northern Italy.

THE JUDGMENT IN THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD CASE.

Seven years ago this summer Robert Schuyler absconded from New York, having overissued some 18,000 shares of New York and New Haven Railroad stock, for which he had obtained the money from innocent parties. He was Transfer Agent of the Company, and could *create* stock by merely affixing his name to the foot of a certificate. Shortly after the fraud became known the Company (whose property would have been vastly depreciated by the recognition of nearly $2,000,000 of additional stock) adopted some system of classification, by which they said they could distinguish the real from the spurious stock, and refused to recognize the latter in any way. The holders of the overissue, who had paid their money for the stock they held, and who had no means of distinguishing it from the old stock, took the matter into Court, and last week Judge Ingraham rendered a decision, declaring the Company liable in damages for the overissue.

If this decision should be confirmed by the Courts of Appeal, it will impart additional value to all American securities. Whatever may be said about the hardship of making the widows and orphans who were stockholders in the New York and New Haven Company responsible for the frauds of Schuyler, there is no safety for the public outside of the doctrine that the acts of a properly-constituted agent bind his principal. Once establish the doctrine that the acts of a properly-constituted agent may be repudiated by his principal, if he be so minded, and confidence will be at an end, and trade and enterprise will die out. On the other hand, establish the doctrine that companies or other principals are irrevocably bound by the acts of their properly-constituted agents, and confidence will be general and trade and enterprise thrive.

There is something appalling to the ear of a capitalist in the word repudiation. There are so many ways of cheating a creditor that, if once the debtor intends to be dishonest, no sane man will give him a chance. In Mississippi, the State pleaded that she had never received value for her bonds; in Wisconsin, the farmers pleaded that their farm mortgages were illegal, the railroads having no power to take mortgages; in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, towns and counties pleaded that they had no legal right to borrow the money they had raised and spent; in Indiana, the plea was mere poverty. But whatever the plea was, the result was the same—the creditor lost his money, at least for a time. Tenacious, persevering men, in such cases, sue their debtor, and patiently await the result. But how long? Seven years have elapsed since Schuyler's flight, and we are only at the first stage in the lawsuit! With such a prospect, what sensible man would think of lending any more money to such localities? And how are the people who live there to have their railroads and their other great public works built without public credit?

There are parts of this country where, it seems, nothing short of absolute ruin and starvation will satisfy the people that honesty is the best policy.

THE LOUNGER.

VICTOR HUGO UPON SICILY.

In Disraeli's novel of "Henrietta Temple," when Ferdinand Armine meets Henrietta in the conservatory, the conversation falls upon Sicily, and gradually Mr. Armine falls into such expressive complimenting that Miss Temple is obliged to tell him that the strain of his conversation is extremely Sicilian.

We may all say the same of Victor Hugo's late speech at Jersey. It flames like Etna. It blossoms like the Sicilian vineyards. It is sweet and stimulating like the wine of Marsala. It is a lyric of liberty; and it is not difficult to imagine the effect of such an oration upon such a subject, by such a speaker, upon such an audience. No Fourth of July oration in this country could have surpassed it in fervor. It is even doubtful whether the presentation of the doctrine of liberty to an American audience ever excites them as the appeals of the European patriots inflame the republicans. In fact, this speech of Victor Hugo's, and the tenor and quality of the speeches we hear, show most profoundly the differences of "peoples"—a word of which Victor Hugo is very fond, and which seems to be gradually supplanting the word nations.

The fundamental doctrine of this speech at Guernsey is the same as that of the Declaration of Independence—as the struggle of the Sicilians for independence is like our Revolution, with the exception that it was incited by a leader not a native of the island, but of the same national blood. It is an Italian war, led by an Italian; and if our Revolution was justified, how doubly, how infinitely so is this Sicilian insurrection! Victor Hugo states the indictment against the Neapolitan tyrant.

"No words: here are the facts. Pay attention. This is living history—bleeding history. The kingdom of Naples—that kingdom which now occupies our thoughts—has but a single institution, the police. Every district has its cudgeling commission. Two *sbirri*, Ajossa and Maniscalco, reign under the King. Ajossa cudgels Naples; Maniscalco cudgels Sicily. But the cudgel is merely a Turkish weapon. This Government has, in addition, the instrument of the Inquisition—torture. Yes, torture. Listen. A *sbire*, Bruno, binds the accused with the head between the legs until he confesses. Another *sbire*, Pontillo, fixes him upon an iron grating, beneath which he lights a fire. This is called the burning chair. Another *sbire*, Luigi Maniscalco, a kinsman of the chief, has invented an instrument into which the arm or the leg of the victim is introduced; a screw is turned, and the limb is crushed. This is called the 'Angelic Instrument.' Another suspends a man by the hands and feet between two walls, and then jumps on him and dislocates his body. There are also thumb-screws for crushing the fingers; a tourniquet for pressing the head—an iron ring with a screw, which almost forces the eyes out of the head. Sometimes a victim escapes. A man, named Casimiro Arsimano, was one of these; his wife, his sons, and his daughters were seized and placed upon the burning chair. The Cape Zafferana touches on an arid beach. To this beach the *sbirri* bring sacks. Each sack contains a man; it is plunged into the water, and kept there till the man no longer moves. It is then taken out, and he is commanded to confess. If he refuses he is plunged in again. Giovanni Vienna, of Messina, expired in this manner. At Monreale an old man and his daughter were suspected of patriotism. The father died beneath the whip; the daughter, who was pregnant, was stripped naked and flogged to death!"

These are the things that drive men and nations mad, and that justify the terrible penalties they exact. Are there people who think the Sicilians are visionary—that Garibaldi is an adventurer—that, making allowance for the imperfections of all government, Bomba's does pretty well—that the Sicilians are not fit for liberty? Are there Americans who have made a leg at Bomba's court, and who belch this dreary twaddle in 1860, as they used to in 1848, when the Lounger was there, and heard them? Hear, then, what the wise Alexander Hamilton said, eighty-six years ago, and learn that patriots and honest, thoughtful men, always and every where, are of one mind on questions of humanity: "The nations of Turkey, Russia, France, Spain, and all other despotic kingdoms in the world, have an inherent right, whenever they please, to shake off the yoke of servitude (though sanctioned by the immemorial usage of their ancestors), and to model their governments upon the principles of civil liberty."

THE DOLLAR ADMISSION.

It is a very high price, certainly; but any one who saw the *Great Eastern* coming up the harbor will not grudge it, if for no other reason than that his imagination had not deceived him. That grove of masts in the mists of the lower bay, was that the ship? Those peaks so towering above that they seemed unlike other masts in kind as well as degree? She looked vast and phantom-like in the hazy air. Did the *Santa Maria* of Columbus appall those other natives with the same silent majesty? Where was Mr. Whitman as we stood staring at the *Great Eastern*? Was he "inviting his soul" in that multitude of faces that paved the Battery in air?

There was something sublime in the necessary silence of the reception of the *Great Eastern*. Ten thousand people crying hurrah on the Battery, what were they in the distance and the space? Nothing less than vast broadsides could make an adequate sound. The city bells would have been too weak a music. To be sure Trinity chimes pealed "God save the King"—faint as a strain of memory to those Englishmen. But when the tugs and steamers of every kind swarming about the great ship rang bells and whistled and shrieked, and the stately mass moved by with a few swift taps upon the bell, as in a midnight watch at sea, then the spectator felt the thrill which marked the moment for an epoch in his experience.

Mr. Barnum, an experienced showman, thinks that curiosity will be killed unless the price of admission is soon lowered; and he is of opinion that "no spring shall e'er visit the mouldering urn" of a dead curiosity. But the high price is understood to be the wish of the English management of the ship, which thought that more money could be made with less trouble in that way. And we have supposed the price was to be changed to a cheaper one, of course, by-and-by. The truth is, that there are a great many people who really wish to see the ship, and to see her comfortably. Such persons would willingly pay a dollar and enjoy the greater space. To stream about the ship with thousands of others would be doubtless exciting, but not very pleasant. In this country we wish for comfort as much as any people, even if we don't very well know what comfort is. And there can be no more serious objection to charging a high admission, or different rates of admission upon different days, than in charging different prices for passage in the same ship. If there be one thing that our system has demonstrated, it is that it is purely democratic to get the highest price you can.

ABOUT GENIUS.

If a man have great physical strength, does it make no difference whether he use it to help other men or to harm them? If he hit so squarely and straight from the shoulder as to crush another man's skull, as a trip-hammer smashes an egg-shell, are we to have no other emotion than that of delight in the tremendous power? Is it all the same whether steam drives the splendid ship safe across the water, or explodes so that the ship and all its passengers are lost? Is the making of a thumb-screw or a "boot," however exquisitely wrought and curiously chased it may be, any the less criminal because it is Benvenuto Cellini who makes it?

Why is the same judgment not true of genius, of any kind of intellectual power? However symmetrically it may body forth creations of its own in art or literature—however taste may enjoy and admiration contemplate, yet if the influence be morbid or demoralizing, what is the genius but power utterly misapplied—a power without which the world would be really richer? If a man die who has had great talent, great opportunities, and great pecuniary rewards, and he has been only glittering, accomplished, eloquent, and learned, but has quickened no moral life, has purified no young man's ideal, has confused and tortured the simple law of right until the sunbeam became only a luminous cloud, why talk of his genius? Is his genius an excuse? Does it not make his failure as a man all the more glaring? If this is the result of genius, a doubtful personal renown, and not a warm place in the heart of youth and age and a purifying touch upon their lives, who would not pray that the race might be spared any more men of genius?

FEDERAL ART.

The end of a session of Congress is like the sinking of a great ship, which sucks down into its vortex small boats, people, spars, chips, and all kinds of light floating material. The late adjournment was not effected without similar results; and among the treasures lost in the final disappearance is to be counted the Art Commission. The taste which makes the federal Capitol a sort of monster café or restaurant in the style of its decoration, and which tilts General Jackson's bronze horse upon his hind legs, carries the day, and Messrs. Kensett, Brown, and Lambden are sent about their business, and, as we learn, without compensation for all their time and careful fulfillment of every duty implied in the Commission.

Their report was admirable. It showed what ought to be done; and what they said commended itself to the good sense of every body who understands and enjoys art. In Washington there is a great chance and a great deal of money for purposes of art. The results, hitherto, are dreary. They are incongruous, bald, gaudy, stupid, and ineffective. It was a just instinct which prompted the President to recommend the Commission. Sure that there could be nothing so bad, was it not possible to do something at least tolerably good? That was the inevitable question of every spectator in whose mind the taste for what is excellent in art was even slightly developed.

Congress has dismissed the Commission unpaid; and paint and stucco will continue to be purchased at extravagant rates, and daubed all over the public buildings. Why should the country complain? Why should we require of a Congress, changing every year and composed of a multitude gathered from all over the land, that it should have æsthetic taste? A bronze horse that stands balanced on his hind legs—does it not add a touch of wonder to the thrill of delight? How many private gentlemen who have the desire of collecting a gallery of pictures have also the taste to guide them correctly in the choice? How many such galleries are not full of wretched works?

Do you say that, at any rate, such gentlemen have the good sense to rely upon the judgment of friends who do know, and that the Art Commission was to stand for those friends to the Government? Yes—but how seldom it is, after all, that you find a sailor who is not sure that he can ride a horse perfectly; or a clown who is not confident that he would make a consummate statesman.

The difficulty is not that the Government pays so enormously for atrocious "works of art," but that it does not quietly renounce having any. Should we, the people, not save money?

Perhaps—but what would become of the jobbers?

VICTORIA UPON VIRTUE.

THE Queen has issued a special proclamation exhorting all and sundry English subjects to refrain from sinning—at least in an open and scandalous manner. There is something in the solemn document not unlike the throned Canute bidding the sea to retire; for the tides of vice are hardly less sure than those of the ocean, and the restraints which are efficacious are not of the official and ceremonious kind.

Queen Victoria, whose oldest son we shall soon have among us, is a woman above reproach. She is also the chief personage in the English system of government, and in that capacity has a great many things to do which must be personally profoundly distasteful. For instance, it could hardly be supposed pleasant for her to salute Louis Napoleon upon the grand staircase at Windsor Castle. Her Court has been somewhat celebrated for its deference to propriety. It was not very long after her accession that Lady Flora Hastings was exiled from the royal presence under circumstances which apparently involved her character, and the hapless, innocent lady soon after died. When she was dead it appeared that she had been ill—nothing worse. But 'twas pity that a queen's lady of honor should have been made to suffer so.

Now the Queen, having issued this exhortation, having commanded "all our judges, mayors, sheriffs, justices of the peace, and all other our officers and ministers, both ecclesiastical and civil, and all other our subjects whom it may concern, to be very vigilant and strict in the discovery and effectual prosecution and punishment of all persons who shall be guilty of dissolute, immoral, or disorderly practices," the question is, whether such gentlemen as the gayer noblemen, well known to common fame, are still to be admitted to the royal presence?

And there is another question for whose solution we may look within a very few months. When the young Bomba is hurled out of Naples by the hatred of his people and the execrations of humanity—and it can not be pleaded that he is not personally responsible for the iniquities of which we gave some illustrations last week, for he must know them, and know that he could stop them—if he flies to London, will he be received at Court? And if he be, will the loyal papers that were lately so profoundly excited by the presentation of certain Americans be troubled? And if he be, will the "Proclamation for the encouragement of piety and virtue" hang upon the wall of the reception room?

CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE.

MR. CHURCH has just completed another picture of about the size of the "Niagara," representing "Twilight in the Wilderness of Maine." The composition is very simple and impressive. A lake, one of a series, such as are common in Maine, stretches back between wooded hilly shores and the primeval forest—hemlock, oak, and larch—to another lake, beyond which the line of purple mountains closes in, and seems to wall the world. The evening sky—of low-hanging, thick-drifting vapors, ribbed with gorgeous light from the sun, which has already set upon the water and the shores, leaving a calm brightness along the horizon—is full of solemn splendor. Indeed the sentiment of the scene is perfect. It is a waste of absolute solitude, with the stern aspect of the northern climate, and with no forms of conscious life but a few birds winging away, dropping hurried homeward notes, if you could hear as well as see; and an eagle poised upon a tree-top at the left. It is a scene entirely unhistoric, with no other interest than that of a wilderness, without human association of any kind, and without that poetic charm which belongs to the Tropics and the Equator. But the almost oppressive gloom of gathering evening in such a scene is rendered with profound skill in the picture, while all the details are elaborated with wonderful fidelity.

This latest work of Mr. Church has been exhibited at a room in Goupil's building. Every artist ought to take care that this is done with every important picture he paints. His capital, like an author's, is his reputation; but if the picture passes from his easel to the private gallery or room of the purchaser, nobody but the personal friends of the owner is the wiser. Moreover, works of this character should be shown alone, and not in paralyzing and perplexing contrast with a multitude of others. Some of the artists have undoubtedly felt that any one of their number who exhibited his works separately convicted himself of conceit. But, on the contrary, he merely proves his common-sense. For if the picture be good, the separate exhibition reveals its value most adequately; and if it be bad, the unlucky painter pays the penalty of inviting the public to see what is not worth seeing. He properly takes the risk and the result. And the New York artists, by the single direct appeal to attention and criticism of the separate exhibition, have really served the cause dear to them, and have helped to place their individual reputations upon an intelligible basis.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—WIDGEON. "Like Orient pearls at random strung," is from a translation of a Persian song of Hafiz, by Sir William Jones.

—H. A. The poem, "The Death," would not be understood. *Merci!*

—χ. Ψ. The poem called "Last Words of Juggling Jerry" was written by George Meredith.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ANECDOTE OF SCHWARTS.—Sanerant relates the following anecdote of Christopher Schwartz, a famous German painter, which, if true, redounds more to his ingenuity than credit. Having been engaged to paint the ceiling of the Town Hall at Munich by the day, his love of dissipation induced him to neglect his work, so that the magistrates and overseers of the work were frequently obliged to hunt him out at the tavern. As he could no longer drink in quiet he stuffed an image of himself, left the legs hanging down between the staging where he was accustomed to work, and sent one of his boon companions to move the image a little two or three times a day, and to take it away at noon and night. By means of this deception he drank, without the least disturbance, a whole fortnight together, the inn-keeper being aware of the plot. The officers came round twice a day to look after him, and seeing the well-known stockings which he was accustomed to wear, suspected nothing wrong, and went their way, greatly extolling their own convert as the most industrious and conscientious painter in the world.

A lady was told, the other day, by a traveling gentleman that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by Government. "Ith it pothibul?" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could. The gentleman added, "That if she had a large mouth she was provided with two husbands." "My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to its full extent. The gentleman became alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard of since.

"Why do you always beat me down in my prices?" —"Because you are a vulgar fraction of humanity, and a vulgar fraction should be reduced to its lowest terms."

Sydney Smith, that wise and witty parson, somewhere remarks, in his many spicy "talks"—"Country life is very good—in fact, the best—for cattle; but as for me, I must have society."

A witty man can make a jest; a wise man can take one.

Why are authors who treat about physiognomy like soldiers?—Because they write about face.

Would a botanist classify the *Ghost* in "Hamlet" as a species of Deadly Night Shade?

Michelet, the French author, asserts that "every folly of woman is born of the stupidity of man."

"Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" asked Briefless. "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

A modern tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

A man once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow promptly answered: "We are good to make men of."

The Bishop of Reiz thanked the Bishop of Lisieux for having consecrated him. "It is for me," said the latter, "to thank you. I was the ugliest bishop in France until you were elected."

AN INDIAN'S CHOICE.—The Indian sage Aurva, a great authority in matters matrimonial, gives minute directions for the choice of a wife. The girl, he tells us, must be only a third of her husband's age, not very black, not yellow-complexioned, not vicious, nor unhealthy, nor of low origin—but one who has been well brought up and who speaks with propriety. She must not inherit a family malady, nor possess a masculine appearance; must neither speak thick nor thin, nor croak like a raven; must not keep her eyes shut, nor have them wide open; must not have dimples in her cheeks, nor goose skin, nor white nails, nor red eyes, nor fat hands, nor ducklike feet. She must neither be short nor tall, nor fat nor thin, but very middling. Her teeth must be close set, and her eyebrows wide apart. Finally, and most important of all, her gait must resemble that of a young elephant!

The late Judge Pease was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of imagination into the seventh heaven and was preparing for a higher ascent, when the Judge struck his rule on the desk two or three times, and exclaimed to the astonished orator, "Hold on, hold on, my dear Sir; don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court!"

Moliere was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and can not marry before eighteen?—"It is," said Moliere, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

The poorest are not unfrequently the happiest. A Sultan, who, as a cure for low spirits, was directed by his physician to wear the shirt of the happiest man in his domains, selected a gay and reckless fellow, but, on stripping him for his shirt, found he didn't wear one.

A gentleman, a day or two since, was sitting in a barber's shop, undergoing some tonsorial operation, when his partner in business stepped in and quietly remarked, "Brown, our place is on fire."—"Well, let it burn, it's insured."—"Yes, I know, but it will make a pretty warm fire, and I thought I'd just drop in and tell you about it; I didn't know but you'd want to see the old place burn." —"Well, wait a minute or two, till my other whisker's trimmed, and I'll go with you."

A celebrated Parisian dandy was ordered by his physicians to follow a course of sea-bathing at Dieppe. Arrived at that delightful bathing-town, he ordered a machine and attendant, and went boldly into the water. He plunged in bravely; but in an instant after came up puffing and blowing. "Francis," said he, "the sea smells detestedly; it will poison me. *Throw a little eau de Cologne* into the water, or I shall be suffocated!"

When are a sweet apple and a sour apple alike?—When they are pared.

How should love come to the door?—Certainly with a ring, but not without a rap.

Why are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are the better they crack.

What trees are these which, when fire is applied to them, are exactly what they were before?—Ashes.

The young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse in consequence of using them too much.

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same.—The postman.

A man once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow promptly answered, "We are good to make men of."

It is a general remark that all classes of persons are ever ready to give their opinions. We think the lawyers must be excepted; they sell theirs.

"Mr. Potter, I have been with you three months and you have not paid me. I am very poor, and deeply in debt for my board. My landlord says if I do not pay him to-day he will put me in jail." "Well, my boy," answered Potter, coolly, "you know if he puts you in jail *you won't have to pay any board.*" This must have been consoling.

A wag passing by a retailer's shop, and seeing him measuring out molasses, called out to him, "Sir, you have a sweet run of business."

AN APHORISM IN VERSE.

There never was a goose so gay,
But some day soon or late,
An honest gander came that way,
And took her for his mate.

A thin old man, with a rag-bag in his hand, was picking up a large number of pieces of whalebone which lay on the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that we asked the quaint-looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied, in a squeaking voice; "'spect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabouts."

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" replied, "When you pop the question and are answered No."

When Rachel, the great French tragedienne, saw her stout sister Sarah dressed for the part of a shepherdess, her comment was, "Sarah, dear, you look like a shepherdess who has just dined off her flock."

"Faith," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin at Ballingarry, his wife having turned the key upon him, "faith, it's meself that's regularly locked in." "In?" said his companion, "in where?" "Why, in the street."

The wise carry their knowledge, as they do their watches —not for display, but for their own use.

What goes most against a farmer's grain?—His reaping-machine.

A splendid *ear*, but a very poor *voice*, as the organ-grinder said to the donkey.

A Quack advertises a compound that will cure every thing, from a bad character to a bad temper.

The difference between an oyster and a chicken is, that one is best just out of the shell and the other isn't.

THE PANTOMIME OF LIFE.

BY RICHARD HARRIS.

With steps firm and rapid, a brow full of care,
Man trudges along, for the scene is a *fair;*
A fair; yes, a fair, for it's life's busy day,
And the shortness of manhood forbids him to play.

The shortness of manhood, 'tis long enough yet,
Man is urged by the longing within him *to get;*
'Tis buying and selling, an innocent strife,
All busy's the scene in the market of Life.

All the fairies are vanished, though perhaps here and there
Love peeps in her beauty full blown on the fair;
The maid has changed dresses, and now plays the *wife,*
And if she plays *fair,* cheers the market of Life!

But how often Time's wand turneth Love to a *ditch,*
And the fairy of youth to a *tormenting witch;*
Yet we blame perhaps too hasty the wand and Life's queen,
'Tis the *pantaloon* oft that destroyeth the scene.

The visions of childhood and youth are gone past,
But a *mirror* reflects all these scenes to the last;
'Midst the hurry of manhood, its bustle and strife,
Little actors are entering the market of life.

But be careful, ye actors on Life's busy stage,
Keep your eye on the future, well fix'd on Old Age;
Learn to prize the *sweet fairy* you're suffered to wed,
Lest she *vanish,* and leave you a witch in her stead.

Disgrace not the scene, but be anxious to play
To the best of your skill, for Life glideth away,
The fairy you change to the shape of a wife
You bless or you curse for the rest of her life!

THE SALONS OF PARIS.

UNDER the present empire the Parisian salons are one of the chief centres of opposition. Of all the institutions of France the salons of the capital are those which have least wavered in the antipathy to the "*Neveu de l'oncle,*" as Louis Napoleon has been proverbially called. All the houses in Paris, from the Hôtel Pozzo to the Hôtel Duchâtel, are inhabited by masters and mistresses whose business it is, if they open their doors at all, to open them only to people who repudiate and declaim against the acts of the Government. And if you believe that honesty is better than fraud, and freedom preferable to oppression, you are obliged to be very glad for the morality of France that these centres of opposition still exist. They, at all events, keep alive a certain abstract moral sense in the public.

For instance, just take the following as a slight example of the "manners of the day." We are in a magnificently furnished apartment, upon whose plain white (very soberly gilded) panelings hang a few pictures by masters of the old French school (mostly family portraits). There is splendor every where, and some comfort (except that the doors shut badly). Quiet is the presiding deity of the scene; the lamp-light is subdued and quiet; the dresses of the ladies and the manners of the men are eminently quiet—all is quiet except the voices of the talkers; these are harsh in the male, shrill in the female, occupants of the salon. Toward ten o'clock visitors drop in; and here is a vicomte, or a marquis, or simply Gaston de This, or Roger de That, from either the Jockey or the Baby Club. And these young men are full of what has just happened to one of their own friends, and they tell the following story:

M. de N——, having a very fine horse, for which he does not particularly care, sells him one fine day to the administration of the Imperial stables. He sells him at the price he bought him for —two hundred guineas. A fortnight after the sale his club-mates greet him laughingly, and say he has known how to "make a good thing for himself out of his nag." He looks surprised, and he is treated to the information that his horse was paid for by the Emperor four hundred pounds.

"You *only* doubled, old fellow; which was no bad result!" says one man among the rest; and M. de N—— is so determined to sift the entire business to the uttermost, that at last, much as he dislikes it, he is driven to ask an audience from the Emperor Louis Napoleon. And from the Emperor he gets the truth, and the truth is that he, M. de N——, *sold* the horse for two hundred guineas, but his Majesty paid four hundred; and the remainder has gone into the pockets of a very high-placed, star-and-cross-bespangled personage. To M. de N——'s very natural indignation his Majesty only replies the following:

"Well, I have an excellent stud-master—perhaps you have too. Mine cheats me—perhaps yours does too. But what remedy is there?"

Now in the salon we are in this whole proceeding is spoken of indignantly; and is it not well that it should be so? In Imperialist circles, alas! if allowed to be spoken of, it would not be condemned, because where would be found those who could venture to "throw the first stone?" Is it not, therefore, well—whatever may be their other little absurdities—that there should be some few social centres where honesty and dishonesty are still called by their names?—where family traditions have for several generations taught that fraud was ungentlemanlike, and where really the very portraits on the walls would blush if they saw the younger ones of their race resorting to practices to which the law—when it takes cognizance of them—uses hard terms?

Here, then, the salon is useful as a corrective.

We will now step into another of these drawing-rooms: but this one shall be situated in another quarter, and shall be somewhat less aristocratical. It shall be less quiet too. Here there is gilding in profusion, and great magnificence, and a large assemblage of men and women are gathered together, among whom you may note all the celebrities of Louis Philippe's day; and they talk loudly of all that is going on. At last some one says: "But is it true that Madame M—— has been taken back to her husband by her father-in-law?" and at this question there is a slight lull in the conversation. People look round, and seem cautious; and then a few voices say, in a low tone, "Of course it is true;" and some one adds: "I was at O——" (naming a provincial town) "when it happened, and I know all about it." Then the speaker steps forth, and comes near to the master of the house, and they whisper together, and the story is this:

The son of a great Imperialist dignitary marries a large fortune, represented by a young lady. They go honey-mooning to O——, where the bridegroom is named (by his own father) to a high financial post. The bridegroom had clamorous creditors, however, who, now he is married richly, *will* be paid. He charges a friend of his to settle all these unpleasant affairs; but they are not to be settled, and no money is forthcoming. So at last the young husband flies to his young wife, and says: "Lend me £20,000" (400,000 francs), and the young wife says: "I won't;" besides which she adds, "I can't; for papa tied up my money, you know, before marriage, by the '*régime dotal.*'" Then the young lord and master flies into a rage, and ends by horsewhipping his fair spouse, who runs away, and takes refuge with her father in the town of R——. Scandal, therefore, is terrible in two provincial cities, and soon in Paris, and "every body" who is "any body" knows the whole story in a week, and this creates fierce anger in high quarters.

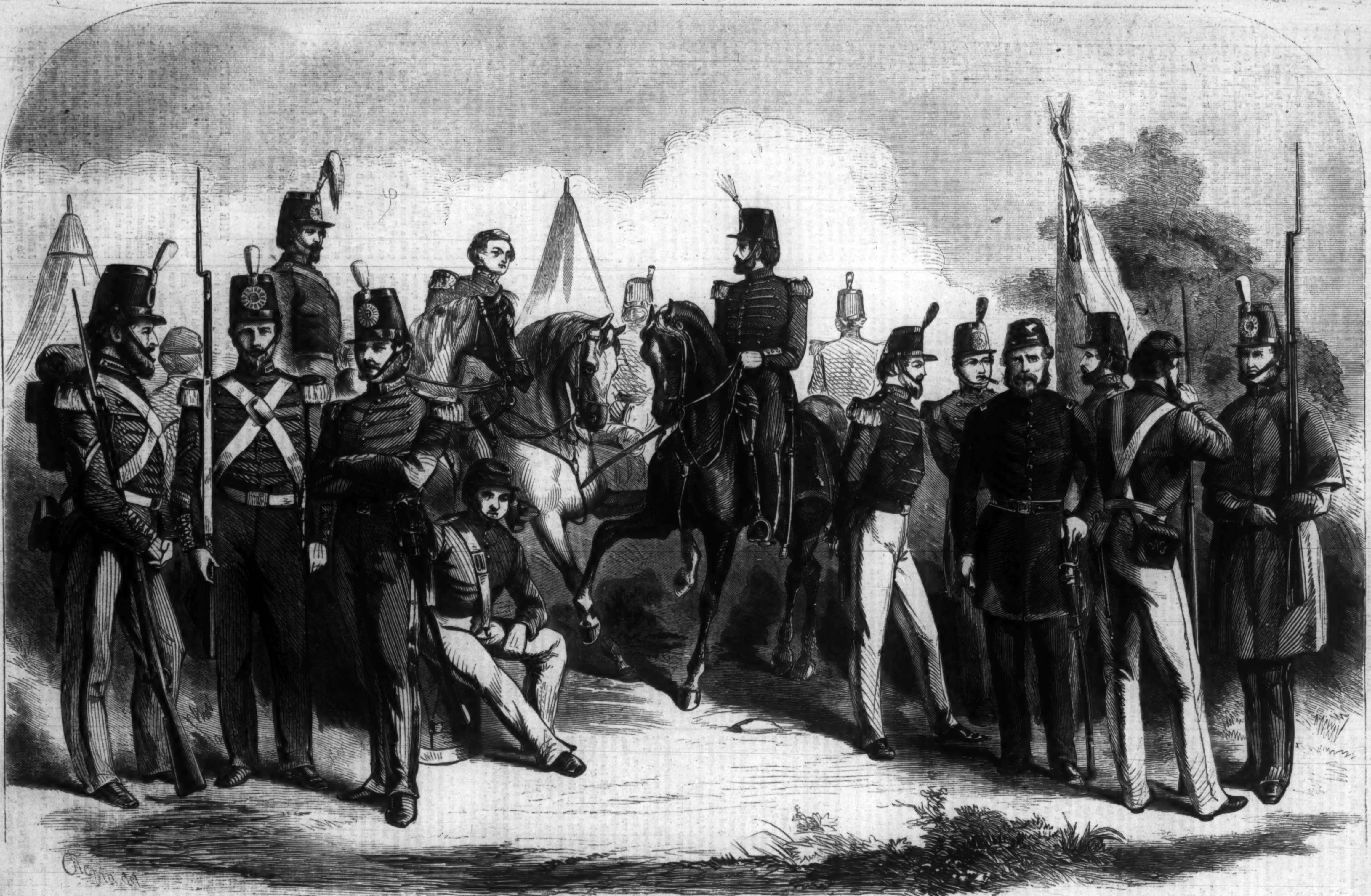
Well, then, here are our salon-full of people occupied about this anecdote, when a lady, addressing an elderly man of singularly intelligent countenance, but whose whole attitude is one of the bitterest contempt that can be incarnate in a human form, says: "But you, M. Villemain" (and she names our ex-Minister of State), "you must know all about this." The man thus addressed nods his head. "Of course I do," he replies, in a whisper; "and so do many others, but I request you will not quote me!"

And now why does a man so illustrious as Villemain—a man who was one of his sovereign's ministers for many years, and to whom all France looks with pride—why does he hang back, and about a mere piece of drawing-room scandal "request" not to be quoted as an authority for what he admits he "well knows?" Why? Why, because two nights before a lesser man, an obscurer citizen, had been seized by order of the Ministry of the Interior, and transported from his home to the prison of Mazas, where it was thought advisable he should reflect upon the danger of talking too freely. Here was his crime: he had "talked!" This citizen was the "friend" who had been charged to "settle" M. M——'s affairs with his creditors, and his testimony to the truth of the whole, imprudently given, had brought down upon him the ministerial rigors, and probably several months will now pass by before this helpless victim of despotic rule will be restored to freedom. This is why such a man as Villemain is desirous "not to be quoted;" and this is the kind of "talk" that goes on in Paris salons. In some there is more indignation than fear; in others, more fear than indignation: but in all there is opposition, and all contribute, in a greater or less part, to the work of "correcting" the despotic form of government under which France now groans. Who shall be prepared to say their action is a mistaken or a useless one? Shall we, who live in the very midst of publicity and daylight, sneer at just this one only little evidence of public opinion that escapes from all the silent obscurity that hems the French nation in?

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

WE publish on the following page the uniforms of the Seventh Regiment, the crack corps of New York. This fine body of men are famous throughout the country. Their visit to Richmond, Virginia, on the occasion of the obsequies of President Monroe, and their trip to Washington at the time of the inauguration of the statue of Washington, rendered them the most conspicuous of all our militia regiments, and won for them the applause of all military men. They deserved still higher praise some years since, when, on the occasion of the Astor Place riot, they were called out to preserve the public peace, and, by their coolness and nerve, saved New York from dangers of the most terrible character.

The Seventh, commanded by Colonel Marshal Lefferts, have gone to Staten Island to encamp on the grounds of the Richmond Club. They will remain in camp ten days.


CORPORAL.
ORDERLY.
TROOP.
CAPTAIN.
DRUM CORPS.
COLONEL.
ENGINEER CORPS.
OFFICER UNDRESS.
FATIGUE DRESS.
WINTER UNIFORM.

UNIFORMS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[See preceding Page.]

THE LONDON FIRE-ESCAPE.

The recent terrible accidents in tenement houses have directed public attention to the want of fire-escapes in this city; and we now engrave a fire-escape just imported from London. The machine is thus described:

"When not in use it has very much the appearance of a hook and ladder apparatus, two pair of supporting wheels and horizontal ladders being the prominent noticeable features. Only one pair of wheels is attached to those used in London, the body of the escape assuming a perpendicular position when drawn through the streets. The presence of telegraph wires and trees have compelled the adding of the extra wheels, so as to put it in a horizontal position when not in use. The length of the present apparatus, as it stands on the ground, is thirty-five feet. It is got up, however, on the table-extension principle, and is capable of being elongated seventy-four feet, or less, as occasion requires. On the end of the ladder designed to go uppermost are small pulleys to aid in adjusting it in place. Underneath the ladder is a canvas bag, with a wire gauze covering, to prevent it from taking fire. Through this bag invalids, decrepit persons, nervous women and children, can be let down with safety to the pavement from the upper stories of any dwelling, while others can walk down the ladder. Its entire weight is 750 pounds, and cost about $100."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

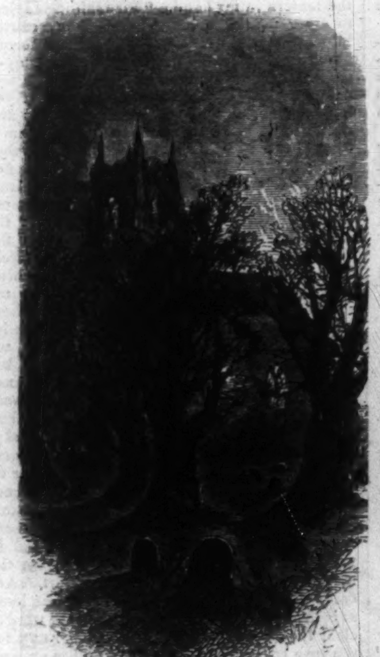
[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

IX.

Once out of sight of the church I pressed forward briskly on my way to Knowlesbury.

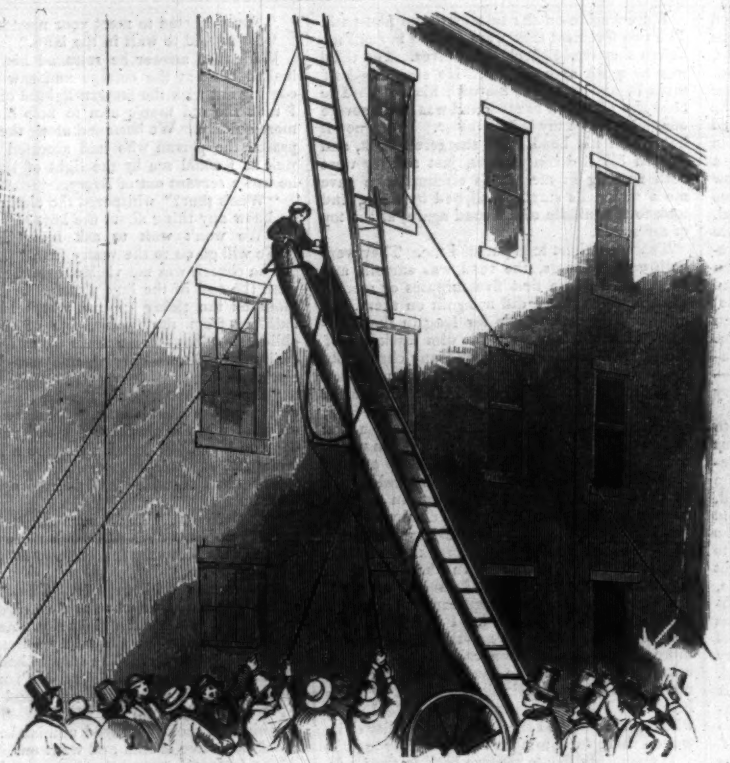
The road was for the most part straight and level. Whenever I looked back over it I saw the two spies steadily following me. For the greater part of the way they kept at a safe distance behind. But once or twice they quickened their pace, as if with the purpose of overtaking me—then stopped—consulted together—and fell back again to their former position. They had some special object evidently in view, and they seemed to be hesitating or differing about the best means of accomplishing it. I could not guess exactly what their design might be; but I felt serious doubts of reaching Knowlesbury without some mischance happening to me on the way. Those doubts were realized.



I had just entered on a lonely part of the road, with a sharp turn at some distance ahead, and had just concluded (calculating by time) that I must now be getting near to the town, when I suddenly heard the steps of the men close behind me.

Before I could look round one of them (the man by whom I had been followed in London) passed rapidly on my left side, and hustled me with his shoulder. I had been more irritated by the manner in which he and his companion had dogged my steps all the way from Old Welmingham than I was myself aware of, and I unfortunately pushed the fellow away smartly with my open hand. He instantly shouted for help. His companion—the tall man in the gamekeeper's clothes—sprang to my right side, and the next moment the two scoundrels held me pinioned between them in the middle of the road.

The conviction that a trap had been laid for me, and the vexation of knowing that I had fallen into it, fortunately restrained me from making my position still worse by an unavailing struggle with two men—one of whom would in all probability have been more than a match for me single-handed. I repressed the first natural movement by which I had attempted to shake them off, and looked about to see if there was any person near to whom I could appeal.



THE LONDON FIRE-ESCAPE, JUST IMPORTED TO NEW YORK.

A laborer was at work in an adjoining field who must have witnessed all that had passed. I called to him to follow us to the town. He shook his head with stolid obstinacy, and walked away in the direction of a cottage which stood back from the high road. At the same time the men who held me between them declared their intention of charging me with an assault. I was cool enough and wise enough now to make no opposition. "Drop your hold of my arms," I said, "and I will go with you to the town." The man in the gamekeeper's dress roughly refused. But the shorter man was sharp enough to look to consequences, and not to let his companion commit himself by unnecessary violence. He made a sign to the other, and I walked on between them with my arms free.

We reached the turning in the road, and there, close before us, were the suburbs of Knowlesbury. One of the local policemen was walking along the path by the roadside. The men at once appealed to him. He replied that the magistrate was then sitting at the town-hall, and recommended that we should appear before him immediately.

We went on to the town-hall. The clerk made out a formal summons, and the charge was preferred against me with the customary exaggeration and the customary perversion of the truth on such occasions. The magistrate (an ill-tempered man, with a sour enjoyment in the exercise of his own power) inquired if any one on or near the road had witnessed the assault; and, greatly to my surprise, the complainant admitted the presence of the laborer in the field. I was enlightened, however, as to the object of the admission by the magistrate's next words. He remanded me at once for the production of the witness, expressing at the same time his willingness to take bail for my reappearance if I could produce one responsible surety to offer it. If I had been known in the town he would have liberated me on my own recognizances; but, as I was a total stranger, it was necessary that I should find responsible bail.

The whole object of the stratagem was now disclosed to me. It had been so managed as to make a remand necessary in a town where I was a perfect stranger, and where I could not hope to get my liberty on bail. The remand merely extended over three days until the next sitting of the magistrate. But in that time, while I was in confinement, Sir Percival might use any means he pleased to embarrass my future proceedings—perhaps to screen himself from detection altogether—without the slightest fear of any hinderance on my part. At the end of the three days the charge would, no doubt, be withdrawn, and the attendance of the witness would be perfectly useless.

My indignation, I may almost say my despair, at this mischievous check to all further progress—so base and trifling in itself, and yet so disheartening and so serious in its probable results—quite unfitted me at first to reflect on the best means of extricating myself from the dilemma in which I now stood. I had the folly to call for writing materials, and to think of privately communicating my real position to the magistrate. The hopelessness and the imprudence of this proceeding failed to strike me before I had actually written the opening lines of the letter. It was not till I had pushed the paper away—not till, I am ashamed to say, I had almost allowed the vexation of my helpless position to conquer me—that a course of action suddenly occurred to my mind, which Sir Percival had probably not anticipated, and which might set me free again in a few hours. I determined to communicate the situation in which I was placed to Mr. Dawson, of Oak Lodge.

I had visited this gentleman's house, it may be remembered, at the time of my first inquiries in the Blackwater Park neighborhood; and I had presented to him a letter of introduction from Miss Halcombe, in which she recommended me to his friendly attention in the strongest terms. I now wrote, referring to this letter, and to what I had previously told Mr. Dawson of the delicate and dangerous nature of my inquiries. I had not revealed to him the truth about Laura; having merely described my errand as being of the utmost importance to private family interests with which Miss Halcombe was concerned. Using the same caution still, I now accounted for my presence at Knowlesbury in the same manner—and I put it to the doctor to say whether the trust reposed in me by a lady whom he well knew, and the hospitality I had myself received in his house, justified me or not in asking him to come to my assistance in a place where I was quite friendless.

I obtained permission to hire a messenger to drive away at once with my letter in a conveyance which might be used to bring the doctor back immediately. Oak Lodge was on the Knowlesbury side of Blackwater. The man declared he could drive there in forty minutes, and could bring Mr. Dawson back in forty more. I directed him to follow the doctor wherever he might happen to be, if he was not at home—and then sat down to wait for the result with all the patience and all the hope that I could summon to help me.

It was not quite half past one when the messenger departed. Before half past three he returned and brought the doctor with him. Mr. Dawson's kindness, and the delicacy with which he treated his prompt assistance quite as a matter of course, almost overpowered me. The bail required was offered and accepted immediately. Before four o'clock, on that afternoon, I was shaking hands warmly with the good old doctor—a free man again—in the streets of Knowlesbury.

Mr. Dawson hospitably invited me to go back with him to Oak Lodge and take up my quarters there for the night. I could only reply that my time was not my own; I could only ask him to let me pay my visit in a few days, when I might repeat my thanks, and offer to him all the explanations which I felt to be only his due, but which I was not then in a position to make. We parted with friendly assurances on both sides; and I turned my steps at once to Mr. Wansborough's office in the High Street.

Time was now of the last importance. The news of my being free on bail would reach Sir Percival to an absolute certainty before night. If the next few hours did not put me in a position to justify his worst fears, and to hold him helpless at my mercy, I might lose every inch of the ground I had gained never to recover it again. The unscrupulous nature of the man, the local influence he possessed, the desperate peril of exposure with which my blindfold inquiries threatened him—all warned me to press on to positive discovery without the useless waste of a single minute. I had found time to think while I was waiting for Mr. Dawson's arrival; and I had well employed it. Certain portions of the conversation of the talkative old clerk, which had wearied me at the time, now recurred to my memory with a new significance; and a suspicion crossed my mind darkly, which had not occurred to me while I was in the vestry. On my way to Knowlesbury I had only proposed to apply to Mr. Wansborough for information on the subject of Sir Percival's mother. My object now was to examine the duplicate register of Old Welmingham Church.

Mr. Wansborough was in his office when I inquired for him.

He was a jovial, red-faced, easy-looking man—more like a country squire than a lawyer—and he seemed to be both surprised and amused by my application. He had heard of his father's copy of the register; but had not even seen it himself. It had never been inquired after—and it was no doubt in the strong-room among other old papers that had not been disturbed since his father's death. It was a pity (Mr. Wansborough said) that the old gentleman was not alive to hear his precious copy asked for at last. He would have ridden his favorite hobby harder than ever now. How had I come to hear of the copy? was it through any body in the town?

I parried the question as well as I could. It was impossible at this stage of the investigation to be too cautious; and it was just as well not to let Mr. Wansborough know prematurely that I had already examined the original register. I described myself, therefore, as pursuing a family inquiry, to the object of which every possible saving of time was of great importance. I was anxious to send certain particulars to London by that day's post; and one look at the duplicate register (paying, of course, the necessary fees) might supply what I required, and save me a further journey to Old Welmingham. I added, that in the event of my subsequently requiring a copy of the original register I should make application to Mr. Wansborough's office to furnish me with the document.

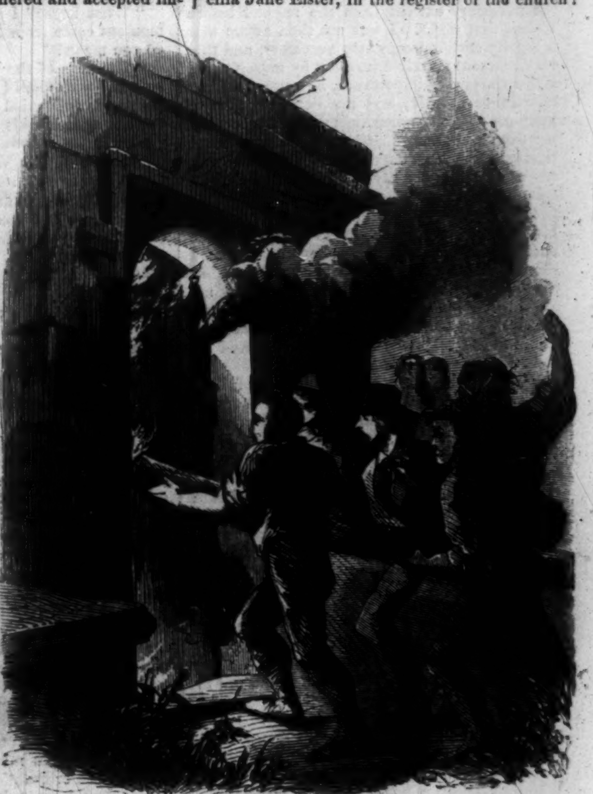
After this explanation no objection was made to producing the copy. A clerk was sent to the strong-room and after some delay returned with the volume. It was of exactly the same size as the volume in the vestry; the only difference being that the copy was more smartly bound. I took it with me to an unoccupied desk. My hands were trembling—my head was burning hot—I felt the necessity of concealing my agitation as well as I could from the persons about me in the room before I ventured on opening the book.

On the blank page at the beginning, to which I first turned, were traced some lines in faded ink. They contained these words:

"Copy of the Marriage Register of Welmingham Parish Church. Executed under my orders; and afterward compared, entry by entry, with the original by myself. (Signed) Robert Wansborough, Vestry-clerk." Below this note there was a line added in another handwriting, as follows: "Extending from the first of January, 1800, to the thirtieth of June, 1815."

I turned to the month of September, eighteen hundred and three. I found the marriage of the man whose Christian name was the same as my own. I found the double register of the marriages of the two brothers. And between these entries at the bottom of the page—?

Nothing! Not a vestige of the entry which recorded the marriage of Sir Felix Glyde and Cecilia Jane Elster, in the register of the church!



AT THE VESTRY DOOR.

My heart gave a great bound, and throbbed as if it would stifle me. I looked again—I was afraid to believe the evidence of my own eyes. No! not a doubt. The marriage was not there. The entries on the copy occupied exactly the same places on the page as the entries in the original. The last entry on one page recorded the marriage of the man with my Christian name. Below it there was a blank space—a space evidently left because it was too narrow to contain the entry of the marriages of the two brothers, which in the copy, as in the original, occupied the top of the next page. That space told the whole story! There it must have remained, in the church register, from eighteen hundred and three (when the marriages had been solemnized and the copy had been made) to eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, when Sir Percival appeared at Old Welmingham. Here, at Knowlesbury, was the chance of committing the forgery, shown to me in the copy—and there, at Old Welmingham, was the forgery committed, in the register of the church!

My head turned giddy; I held by the desk to keep myself from falling. Of all the suspicions which had struck me, in relation to that desperate man, not one had been near the truth. The idea that he was not Sir Percival Glyde at all, that he had no more claim to the baronetcy and to Blackwater Park than the poorest laborer who worked on the estate, had never once occurred to my mind. At one time I had thought he might be Anne Catherick's father; at another time, I had thought he might have been Anne Catherick's husband—of the offense of which he was really guilty had been, from first to last, beyond the widest reach of my imagination. The paltry means by which the fraud had been effected, the magnitude and daring of the crime that it represented, the horror of the consequences involved in its discovery, overwhelmed me. Who could wonder now at the brute-restlessness of the wretch's life; at his desperate alternations between abject duplicity and reckless violence; at the madness of guilty distrust which had made him imprison Anne Catherick in the Asylum, and had given him over to the vile conspiracy against his wife, on the bare suspicion that the one and the other knew his terrible secret? The disclosure of that secret might, in past years, have hanged him—might now transport him for life. The disclosure of that secret, even if the sufferers by his deception spared him the penalties of the law, would deprive him at one blow of the name, the rank, the estate, the whole social existence that he had usurped. This was the Secret, and it was mine! A word from me, and house, lands, baronetcy, were gone from him forever—a word from me, and he was driven out into the world a nameless, penniless, friendless outcast! The man's whole future hung on my lips—and he knew it by this time as certainly as I did!

That last thought steadied me. Interests far more precious than my own depended on the caution which must now guide my slightest actions. There was no possible treachery which Sir Percival might not attempt against me. In the danger and desperation of his position he would be staggered by no risks, he would recoil at no crime—he would literally hesitate at nothing to save himself.

I considered for a minute. My first necessity was to secure positive evidence, in writing, of the discovery that I had just made, and, in the event of any personal misadventure happening to me, to place that evidence beyond Sir Percival's reach. The copy of the register was sure to be safe in Mr. Wansborough's strong-room. But the position of the original, in the vestry, was, as I had seen with my own eyes, any thing but secure.

In this emergency I resolved to return to the church, to apply again to the clerk, and to take the necessary extract from the register before I slept that night. I was not then aware that a legally-certified copy was necessary, and that no document merely drawn out by myself could claim the proper importance, as a proof. I was not aware of this; and my determination to keep my present proceedings a secret prevented me from asking any questions which might have procured the necessary information. My one anxiety was the anxiety to get back to Old Welmingham. I made the best excuses I could for the discomposure in my face and manner, which Mr. Wansborough had already noticed; laid the necessary fee on his table; arranged that I should write to him in a day or two; and left the office, with my head in a whirl, and my blood throbbing through my veins at fever heat.

It was just getting dark. The idea occurred to me that I might be followed again, and attacked on the high road.

My walking-stick was a light one, of little or no use for purposes of defense. I stopped, before leaving Knowlesbury, and bought a stout country cudgel, short, and heavy at the head. With this homely weapon, if any one man tried to stop me, I was a match for him. If more than one attacked me, I could trust to my heels. In my school-days I had been a noted runner—and I had not wanted for practice since, in the later time of my experience in Central America.

I started from the town at a brisk pace, and kept the middle of the road. A small misty rain was falling; and it was impossible, for the first half of the way, to make sure whether I was followed or not. But at the last half of my journey, when I supposed myself to be about two miles from the church, I saw a man run by me in the rain, and then heard the gate of a field by the roadside shut to, sharply. I kept straight on, with my cudgel ready in my hand, my ears on the alert, and my eyes straining to see through the mist and the darkness. Before I had advanced a hundred yards there was a rustling in the hedge on my right hand, and three men sprang out into the road.

I drew aside on the instant to the foot-path. The two foremost men were carried beyond me before they could check themselves. The third was as quick as lightning. He stopped—half turned—and struck at me with his stick. The blow was aimed at hazard, and was not a severe one. It fell on my left shoulder. I returned it heavily on his head. He staggered back, and jostled his two companions, just as they were both rushing at me. This circumstance gave me a moment's start. I slipped by them, and took to the middle of the road again, at the top of my speed.

The two unhurt men pursued me. They were both good runners, the road was smooth and level, and for the first five minutes or more I was conscious that I did not gain on them. It was perilous work to run for long in the darkness. I could barely see the dim black line of the hedges on either side; and any chance obstacle in the road would have thrown me down to a certainty. Ere long I felt the ground changing: it descended from the level, at a turn, and then rose again beyond. Down-hill the men rather gained on me; but up-hill I began to distance them. The rapid, regular thump of their feet grew fainter on my ear, and I calculated by the sound that I was far enough in advance to take to the fields, with a good chance of their passing me in the darkness. Diverging to the foot-path, I made for the first break that I could guess at, rather than see, in the hedge. It proved to be a closed gate. I vaulted over, and finding myself in a field, kept across it steadily, with my back to the road. I heard the men pass the gate, still running—then, in a minute more, heard one of them call to the other to come back. It was no matter what they did now; I was out of their sight and out of their hearing. I kept straight across the field, and, when I had reached the further extremity of it, waited there for a minute to recover my breath.

It was impossible to venture back to the road; but I was determined, nevertheless, to get to Old Welmingham that evening.

Neither moon nor stars appeared to guide me. I only knew that I had kept the wind and rain at my back on leaving Knowlesbury—and if I now kept them at my back still, I might at least be certain of not advancing altogether in the wrong direction. Proceeding on this plan I crossed the country—meeting with no worse obstacles than hedges, ditches, and thickets, which every now and then obliged me to alter my course for a little while—until I found myself on a hill-side, with the ground sloping away steeply before me. I descended to the bottom of the hollow, squeezed my way through a hedge, and got out into a lane. Having turned to the right on leaving the road, I now turned to the left on the chance of returning to the line from which I had wandered. After following the muddy windings of the lane for ten minutes or more, I saw a cottage with a light in one of the windows. The garden gate was open to the lane, and I went in at once to inquire my way.

Before I could knock at the door it was suddenly opened, and a man came running out with a lighted lantern in his hand. He stopped and held it up at the sight of me. We both started as we saw each other. My wanderings had led me round the outskirts of the village, and had brought me out at the lower end of it. I was back at Old Welmingham; and the man with the lantern was no other than my acquaintance of the morning, the parish clerk.

His manner appeared to have altered strangely in the interval since I had last seen him. He looked suspicious and confused; his ruddy cheeks were deeply flushed; and his first words, when he spoke, were quite unintelligible to me.

"Where are the keys?" he said. "Have you taken them?"

"What keys?" I asked. "I have only this moment come from Knowlesbury. What keys do you mean?"

"The keys of the vestry. Lord save us and help us! what shall I do? The keys are gone! Do you hear?" cried the old man, shaking the lantern at me in his agitation; "the keys are gone!"

"How? When? Who can have taken them?"

"I don't know," said the clerk, staring about him wildly in the darkness. "I've only just got back. I told you I had a long day's work this morning—I locked the door and shut the window down—it's open now, the window's open. Look! somebody has got in there and taken the keys."

He turned to the casement-window to show me that it was wide open. The door of the lantern came loose from its fastening as he swayed it round, and the wind blew the candle out instantly.

"Get another light," I said, "and let us both go to the vestry together. Quick! quick!"

I hurried him into the house. The treachery that I had every reason to expect, the treachery that might deprive me of every advantage I had gained, was at that moment perhaps in process of accomplishment. My impatience to reach the church was so great that I could not remain inactive in the cottage while the clerk lit the lantern again. I walked out, down the garden path, into the lane.

Before I had advanced ten paces a man approached me from the direction leading to the church. He spoke respectfully as we met. I could not see his face; but judging by his voice only, he was a perfect stranger to me.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Percival—" he began.

I stopped him before he could say more.

"The darkness misleads you," I said. "I am not Sir Percival."

The man drew back directly.

"I thought it was my master," he muttered, in a confused, doubtful way.

"You expected to meet your master here?"

"I was told to wait in the lane."

With that answer he retraced his steps. I looked back at the cottage and saw the clerk coming out with the lantern lighted once more. I took the old man's arm to help him on the more quickly. We hastened along the lane and passed the person who had accosted me. As well as I could see by the light of the lantern he was a servant out of livery.

"Who's that?" whispered the clerk. "Does he know any thing about the keys?"

"We won't wait to ask him," I replied. "We will go on to the vestry first."

The church was not visible, even by daytime, until the end of the lane was reached. As we mounted the rising ground which led to the building from that point, one of the village children—a boy—came close up to us, attracted by the light we carried, and recognized the clerk.

"I say, measter," said the boy, pulling officiously at the clerk's coat, "there be summun up yander in the church. I heerd un lock the door on hisself—I heerd un strike a loight wi' a match."

The clerk trembled and leaned against me heavily.

"Come! come!" I said, encouragingly. "We are not too late. We will catch the man, whoever he is. Keep the lantern and follow me as fast as you can."

I mounted the hill rapidly. The dark mass of the church-tower was the first object I discerned dimly against the night sky. As I turned aside to get round to the vestry I heard heavy footsteps close to me. The servant had ascended to the church after us. "I don't mean any harm," he said, when I turned round on him; "I'm only looking for my master." The tones in which he spoke betrayed unmistakable fear. I took no notice of him and went on.

The instant I turned the corner and came in view of the vestry I saw the lantern-skylight on the roof brilliantly lit up from within. It shone out with dazzling brightness against the murky, starless sky.

I hurried through the church-yard to the door.

As I got near there was a strange smell stealing out on the damp night air. I heard a snapping noise inside—I saw the light above grow brighter and brighter—a pane of the glass cracked—I ran to the door and put my hand on it. The vestry was on fire!

Before I could move—before I could draw my breath after that discovery—I was horror-struck by a heavy thump against the door from the inside. I heard the key worked violently in the lock—I heard a man's voice, behind the door, raised to a dreadful shrillness, screaming for help.

The servant, who had followed me, staggered back shuddering, and dropped on his knees. "Oh, my God!" he said, "it's Sir Percival!"

As the words passed his lips the clerk joined us, and at the same moment there was another, and a last, grating turn of the key in the lock.

"The Lord have mercy on his soul!" said the old man. "He is doomed and dead. He has hampered the lock."

I rushed to the door. The one absorbing purpose that had filled all my thoughts, that had controlled all my actions, for weeks and weeks past, vanished in an instant from my mind. All remembrance of the heartless injury the man's crimes had inflicted; of the love, the innocence, the happiness he had pitilessly laid waste; of the oath I had sworn in my own heart to summon him to the terrible reckoning that he deserved—passed from my memory like a dream. I remembered nothing but the horror of his situation. I felt nothing but the natural human impulse to save him from a frightful death.

"Try the other door!" I shouted. "Try the door into the church! The lock's hampered. You're a dead man if you waste another moment on it!"

There had been no renewed cry for help when the key was turned for the last time. There was no sound now of any kind to give token that he was still alive. I heard nothing but the quickening crackle of the flames and the sharp snap of the glass in the skylight above.

I looked round at my two companions. The servant had risen to his feet: he had taken the lantern and was holding it up vacantly at the door. Terror seemed to have struck him with downright idiocy—he waited at my heels, he followed me about when I moved like a dog. The clerk sat crouched up on one of the tombstones, shivering and moaning to himself. The one moment in which I looked at them was enough to show me that they were both helpless.

Hardly knowing what I did, acting desperately on the first impulse that occurred to me, I seized the servant and pushed him against the vestry wall. "Stoop!" I said, "and hold by the stones. I am going to climb over you to the roof—I am going to break the skylight and give him some air!" The man trembled from head to foot, but he held firm. I got on his back with my cudgel in my mouth, seized the parapet with both hands, and was instantly on the roof. In the frantic hurry and agitation of the moment it never struck me that I might let out the flame instead of letting in the air. I struck at the skylight, and battered in the cracked, loosened glass at a blow. The fire leaped out like a wild beast from its lair. If the wind had not chanced, in the position I occupied, to set it away from me, my exertions might have ended then and there. I crouched on the roof as the smoke poured out above me with the flame. The gleams and flashes of the light showed me the servant's face staring up vacantly under the wall; the clerk risen to his feet on the tombstone, wringing his hands in despair; and the scanty population of the village, haggard men and terrified women, clustered beyond in the church-yard—all appearing and disappearing, in the red of the dreadful glare, in the black of the choking smoke. And the man beneath my feet!—the man, suffocating, burning, dying so near us all, so utterly beyond our reach!

The thought half maddened me. I lowered myself from the roof by my hands and dropped to the ground.

"The key of the church!" I shouted to the clerk. "We must try it that way—we may save him yet if we can burst open the inner door."

"No, no, no!" cried the old man. "No hope! the church key and the vestry key are on the same ring—both inside there! Oh, Sir, he's past saving—he's dust and ashes by this time!"

"They'll see the fire from the town," said a voice from among the men behind me. "There's a ingine in the town. They'll save the church."

I called to that man—*he* had his wits about him—I called to him to come and speak to me. It would be a quarter of an hour at least before the town engine could reach us. The horror of remaining inactive all that time was more than I could face. In defiance of my own reason I persuaded myself that the doomed and lost wretch in the vestry might still be lying senseless on the floor, might not be dead yet. If we broke open the door might we save him? I knew the strength of the heavy lock—I knew the thickness of the nailed oak—I knew the hopelessness of assailing the one and the other by ordinary means. But surely there were beams still left in the dismantled cottages near the church? What if we got one and used it as a battering-ram against the door?

The thought leaped through me like the fire leaping out of the shattered skylight. I appealed to the man who had spoken first of the fire-engine in the town. "Have you got your pickaxes handy?" Yes, they had. "And a hatchet, and a saw, and a bit of rope?" Yes! yes! yes! I ran down among the villagers with the lantern in my hand. "Five shillings apiece to every man who helps me!" They started into life at the words. That ravenous second hunger of poverty—the hunger for money—roused them into tumult and activity in a moment. "Two of you for more lanterns if you have them! Two of you for the pickaxes and the tools! The rest after me to find the beam!" They cheered—with shrill starveling voices they cheered. The women and the children fled back on either side. We rushed in a body down the church-yard path to the first empty cottage. Not a man was left behind but the clerk—the poor old clerk standing on the flat tombstone sobbing and wailing over the church. The servant was still at my heels, his white, helpless, panic-stricken face was close over my shoulder as we pushed into the cottage. There were rafters from the torn-down floor above lying loose on the ground, but they were too light. A beam ran across over our heads, but not out of reach of our arms and our pickaxes—a beam fast at each end in the ruined wall, with ceiling and flooring all ripped away, and a great gap in the roof above open to the sky. We attacked the beam at both ends at once. God! how it held—how the brick and mortar of the wall resisted us! We struck, and tugged, and tore. The beam gave at one end—it came down with a lump of brickwork after it. There was a scream from the women all huddled in the door-way to look at us—a shout from the men—two of them down, but not hurt. Another tug all together, and the beam was loose at both ends. We raised it, and gave the word to clear the door-way. Now for the work! now for the rush at the door! There is the fire streaming into the sky, streaming brighter than ever to light us! Steady along the church-yard path—steady with the beam for a rush at the door. One, two, three—and off. Out rings the cheering again, irrepressibly. We have shaken it already; the hinges must give if the lock won't. Another run with the beam! One, two, three—and off. It's loose! The stealthy fire darts at us through the crevice all round it. Another and a last rush! The door falls in with a crash. A great hush of awe, a stillness of breathless expectation possesses every living soul of us. We look for the body. The scorching heat on our faces drives us back: we see nothing—above, below, all through the room, we see nothing but a sheet of living fire.

"Where is he?" whispered the servant, staring vacantly at the flames.

"He's dust and ashes," said the clerk. "And the books are dust and ashes—and oh, Sirs, the church will be dust and ashes soon!"

Those were the only two who spoke. When they were silent again nothing stirred in the stillness but the bubble and the crackle of the flames.

Hark!

A harsh rattling sound in the distance—then the hollow beat of horses' hoofs at full gallop—then the low roar, the all-predominant tumult of hundreds of human voices clamoring and shouting together. The engine at last!

The people about me all turned from the fire and ran eagerly to the brow of the hill. The old clerk tried to go with the rest; but his strength was exhausted. I saw him holding by one of the tombstones. "Save the church!" he cried out, faintly, as if the firemen could hear him already. "Save the church!"

The only man who never moved was the servant. There he stood, his eyes still fastened on the flames, in a changeless, vacant stare. I spoke to him, I shook him by the arm. He was past rousing. He only whispered once more, "Where is he?"

In ten minutes the engine was in position; the well at the back of the church was feeding it, and the hose was carried to the door-way of the vestry. If help had been wanted from me I could not have afforded it now. My energy of will was gone—my strength was exhausted—the turmoil of my thoughts was fearfully and suddenly stilled, now I knew that he was dead. I stood useless and helpless—looking, looking, looking into the burning room.

I saw the fire slowly conquered. The brightness of the glare faded—the steam rose in white clouds, and the smouldering heaps of embers showed red and black through it on the floor. There was a pause—then an advance altogether of the firemen and the police, which blocked up the door-way—then a consultation in low voices—and then two men were detached from the rest, and sent out of the church-yard through the crowd. The crowd drew back on either side, in dead silence, to let them pass.

After a while a great shudder ran through the people, and the living lane widened slowly. The men came back along it, with a door from one of the empty houses. They carried it to the vestry, and went in. The police closed again round the door-way; and men stole out from among the crowd by twos and threes, and stood behind them, to be the first to see. Others waited near, to be the first to hear. Women were among these last—women with children in their arms.

The tidings from the vestry began to flow out among the crowd—they dropped slowly from mouth to mouth, till they reached the place where I was standing. I heard the questions and answers repeated again and again, in low, eager tones, all round me. "Have they found him?" "Yes."—"Where?" "Against the door: on his face."—"Which door?" "The door that goes into the church. His head was against it. He was down on his face."—"Is his face burned?" "No." "Yes, it is." "No: scorched, not burned. He lay on his face, I tell you."—"Who was he? A lord, they say." "No, not a lord. *Sir* Something; Sir means Knight." "And Baronight, too." "No." "Yes, it does."—"What did he want in there?" "No good, you may depend on it."—Did he do it on purpose?" "Burn himself on purpose!" —"I don't mean himself; I mean the vestry." —"Is he dreadful to look at?" "Dreadful!" —"Not about the face, though?" "No, no; not so much about the face."—"Don't any body know him?" "There's a man says he does."— "Who?" "A servant, they say. But he's struck stupid-like, and the police don't believe him."—"Don't any body else know who it is?" "Hush—!"

The loud, clear voice of a man in authority silenced the low hum of talking all round me in an instant.

"Where is the gentleman who tried to save him?" said the voice.

"Here, Sir—here he is!" Dozens of eager faces pressed about me—dozens of eager arms parted the crowd. The man in authority came up to me with a lantern in his hand.

"This way, Sir, if you please," he said, quietly.

I was unable to speak to him; I was unable to resist him, when he took my arm. I tried to say that I had never seen the dead man in his lifetime—that there was no hope of identifying him by means of a stranger like me. But the words failed on my lips. I was faint and silent and helpless.

"Do you know him, Sir?"

I was standing inside a circle of men. Three of them, opposite to me, were holding lanterns low down to the ground. Their eyes, and the eyes of all the rest, were fixed silently and expectantly on my face. I knew what was at my feet—I knew why they were holding the lanterns so low to the ground.

"Can you identify him, Sir?"

My eyes dropped slowly. At first I saw nothing under them but a coarse canvas cloth. The dripping of the rain on it was audible in the dreadful silence. I looked up, along the cloth, and there, at the end, stark and grim and black, in the yellow light—there was his dead face.

So, for the first and last time, I saw him. So the Visitation of God ruled it that he and I should meet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FOURTH.

The eighty-fourth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was duly, honorably, and, but for a very severe rain-storm which occurred in the afternoon, auspiciously observed in this city and its suburbs. Of military marchings and countermarchings there were the usual number. The streets were crowded; the people were bent on pleasure; and only one or two disturbances, and those of a comparatively trivial nature, took place. The *Great Eastern* was one of the features of attraction; but, owing to the high price of admission, not many persons went on board, although several thousands during the day surveyed her huge bulk from the piers fronting her dock. The annual services at Tammany, consisting of the reading of the "Declaration," followed by an oration, took place as usual. There were fire-works as usual in the Park, the various squares, and at other places about the city. Of accidents from carelessness in the use of gunpowder there were a large number reported, but not more than usually have occurred on previous occasions. The sufferers mainly are boys, and in many instances amputation of the fingers and portions of the hand became necessary. A party of riotous characters broke into a drinking saloon kept by William J. Gillespie, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Tenth Avenue; and in defending himself from a threatened assault, Gillespie fired upon the crowd, and shot a youth named Edward M'Keever, who was wounded somewhat seriously. Several fires happened from the explosion of pyrotechnics, but none were serious in result.

RECEPTION OF THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER.

The new French Minister, M. Mercier, was on Thursday presented to the President by acting Secretary of State, Mr. Trescott.

The Minister, in offering his credentials, took occasion to express his satisfaction in being accredited to this Government, and closed his brief address by announcing the sincere sympathy of his august master, the Emperor, for the Government and people of this country.

The President, in reply, stated the pleasure it afforded him in receiving the new envoy; and in the course of his remarks made felicitous use of the fact that the French Minister should present his credentials on the anniversary of American independence, which could not fail to remind him (the President) of the deep obligations the people of this country owed to France in their struggle for emancipation, and which no American could recall without the liveliest sentiments of gratitude.

The interview terminated with mutual assurances of the most complimentary character.

THE TREATY WITH CHINA.

S. W. Williams, Secretary of Legation to China, has arrived at Washington, direct from the Emperor, bearing the ratified treaty with this Government, and an autograph letter from his Highness to the President of the United States, and presented both of these documents to the Department of State last week. He brings no political news of importance. The aspect of affairs was not altogether encouraging. Considerable depression prevailed in commercial and other circles, growing out of the troubles with England and France.

EXECUTION OF HARDEN.

Jacob S. Harden, for the murder of his wife by poison, was executed at Belvidere, New Jersey, on 6th inst. Great crowds were in attendance, and men, women, and children vied with each other in the vain attempt to catch a glimpse of the sickening spectacle. The prisoner conducted himself with great coolness, manifesting but little feeling, and no emotion of any account. His partings with his father, his spiritual advisers, his attendants, and others, evinced a total absence of human feeling, and a disregard of even conventional decency. He died easily. His remains were given to his parents, who consigned them to their final resting place, on his father's farm at Blairstown, New Jersey, on Sunday last.

ARREST OF A SLAVER.

The United States steam revenue cutter *Harriet Lane*, Captain Faunce, seized on Tuesday afternoon, outside of Sandy Hook, the bark *Kate*, Captain Otto, on suspicion of being about to engage in the slave-trade. The *Kate* was cleared at the Custom-house by "Captain Watts," bound to Cape Palmas, West Coast of Africa, and sailed on Tuesday. She was brought back to the city and anchored off the Battery. Her crew are composed principally of Portuguese and Spaniards, from whom no information could be gained. Her cargo is such as slavers generally carry. At the time she was seized Captain Faunce observed some curious movements of a steam-tug, then some distance off, and ran for her, when she proved to be the *Magnolia*, having on board a number of men of whom no reliable account was given. Captain F., having no doubt but that they were to be put on board the *Kate*, as appearances indicated, immediately seized the tug and brought her to the city, and detained her passengers for examination.

THE MURDERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH WARD.

The mystery attendant on the double murder in the eighteenth ward, of Messrs. Walton and Mathews, continues to increase in interest. On Monday night, after his brother Edwin had been arrested, Charles Jefferd, by the advice of a friend, proceeded to the house of Justice Osborn for the purpose of giving himself into the hands of the law for examination, but that magistrate told him to go away, and call at the police court in the Tombs on the following morning. Accordingly, on Tuesday, at the opening of the court, Jefferd appeared, and was committed to prison to await the result of the coroner's inquest. He asserts his entire innocence, and denies all knowledge whatever of the murders, protesting that he can prove an *alibi*. The coroner is taking evidence in the case, but nothing has yet been discovered which tends to fasten suspicion upon any one.

RACE AT PHILADELPHIA.

A dispatch from Philadelphia, July 5, says: "Flora Temple won the match with G. M. Patchen, on the Suffolk Park track, on the Fourth, in three straight heats. Time, 2.22¼, 2.21¾, 2.37½; track very heavy in the last heat. The betting was one hundred to ninety on Patchen. Over four thousand persons were present."

PERSONAL.

Charles Goodyear, the inventor of the art of vulcanizing India-rubber, died in this city, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the 1st inst., after an illness of four weeks. Mr. Goodyear was born in New Haven, December 29, 1800. The disease which terminated his life had its origin in the severe and long-continued privations and anxieties which he suffered. Some of the most important uses and applications of vulcanized India-rubber were perfected by Mr. Goodyear only very recently. He has thus been taken away in the midst of his useful labors.

Some Germans, taking breakfast in their house at Philadelphia, had their attention attracted by a noise in the entry. Going thither, they found their mother hanging by the neck to the rail of the staircase, committing suicide. Instead of cutting her down at once, and thus surely saving her life, all the three set off after a policeman. When they returned with one, of course the old lady was dead.

At Oxford University, England, on the 20th ult., the honorary degree of D.C.L. was to be conferred on Mr. J. Lothrop Motley, the historian. Among those to be similarly honored were his Excellency Count de Platen, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from his Majesty of Sweden and Norway; the Right Honorable Lord Brougham and Vaux; Count P. E. de Stizelecki, C.B., F.R.S.; Sir Richard Bethell, M.P., her Majesty's Attorney-General.

The Senators whose terms expire in 1861, and whose places are to be filled by the next Legislatures of their States, are Fitzpatrick of Alabama, Johnson of Arkansas, Gwin of California, Foster of Connecticut, Yulee of Florida, Iverson of Georgia, Trumbull of Illinois, Fitch of Indiana, Harlan of Iowa, Crittenden of Kentucky, Slidell of Louisiana, Pearce of Maryland, Green of Missouri, Clark of New Hampshire, Seward of New York, Clingman of North Carolina, Pugh of Ohio, Lane of Oregon, Bigler of Pennsylvania, Hammond of South Carolina, Collamer of Vermont, and Durkee of Wisconsin—fourteen Democrats, seven Republicans, and one American.

A man—a Captain, in fact—was arrested, the other day, in North Stonington, for assaulting his wife. "He was tried before a full bench,' rather grandiloquently says the local paper, and was fined three dollars and the costs! On the same day another citizen of this "enterprising town," as the editor just quoted styles the village, assaulted a fellow-creature not his wife. He, pleading guilty, was fined four dollars and the costs. So wives are at a discount in North Stonington.

At the execution of Nathaniel Harten for the murder of Miss Morris, at Moundsville, Virginia, on Thursday last, the father of the murdered girl was present, so much intoxicated, and so eager for the scene, that it was with difficulty he was restrained by his neighbors.

A patriotic insane man, named Charles Berry, hanged himself in Dakotah County, Minnesota, last week, by tying an American flag about his neck.

Among those who have engaged rooms at Newport are Stephen A. Douglas, General Jo. Lane, Colonel Orr of South Carolina, Erastus Corning of Albany, Ex-Mayor Havemeyer of New York, Mayor Deming of Hartford, and others.

Mr. John Phillips, of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, was one hundred years old on the 29th ult. He is still in good health, and held a festival in memory of his birth. He was in the Revolution, and has been a member of the Baptist Church for eighty-eight years.

A dispatch from Utica announces the arrest of Frederick Hoffman, the missing Secretary of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He was arrested at Trenton Falls, Oneida County. There is a charge against him of forging two checks of $1500 each, besides his complicity in the over-issue of the stock of the Company by which he was employed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The proceedings in Parliament have been generally unimportant.

In the House of Lords Earl Granville, in reply to the Marquis of Normanby, intimated that Government had received no information confirming the report in recent dispatches that any portion of the Sicilian territory had been occupied by British forces.

In the House of Commons, after considerable debate, leave had been given to bring in a bill providing for the amalgamation of the local and the European troops into one imperial army.

Lord John Russell, in reply to an inquiry as to whether the Neapolitan frigate had captured her two prizes by hoisting the British flag, said he was unable to speak as to the truth of this report; but if it was true it was a most unwarrantable act, and notice would be taken of it.

Sir Robert Peel denounced the conduct of the French Government in regard to the annexation of Savoy, and attacked the English Ministry for its humiliating policy.

Lord John Russell defended himself, and stated the terms of the note just received from France relative to the neutralized districts of Savoy. France proposes that the neutrality of those districts be secured, either through the instrumentality of an European Congress or the exchange of notes, France assuming all the obligations of Sardinia; or, lastly, that the matter be arranged between France and Switzerland. Lord John Russell complained of the conduct of France in the whole transaction, and said it could not be regarded as satisfactory by England.

THE VOLUNTEER MANIA.

On the day that the *Persia* left Liverpool a grand review of volunteer riflemen, in the presence of the Queen, took place in Hyde Park. From 20,000 to 30,000 volunteers were under arms. Business was suspended for the day on the Stock Exchange, and in many branches of trade a general holiday was observed. It was announced that the Queen would further encourage the rifle movement by personally inaugurating the great prize meeting which was to commence on the 2d of July. The competition was to commence by her Majesty firing a rifle from a fixed mechanical rest.

FRANCE.

DEATH OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

The death of Prince Jerome Bonaparte is announced by the last arrival from Europe. He was the youngest brother of Napoleon, and was born at Ajaccio, December 15, 1784. He was made King of Westphalia on the 18th of August, 1807, by Napoleon; and upon the downfall of his brother he was left to wander through Switzerland, settling finally at Vienna, as Prince de Montfort—a title conferred upon him by his father-in-law, he having married a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg after his divorce from Miss Patterson. In 1852 he was called back to France by Louis Napoleon, and was made a Marshal of the Empire and President of the Senate. His children by Miss Patterson have vainly attempted to obtain recognition as princes by the Emperor.

A NEW KIND OF WAR STEAMER.

Great preparations are being made at Toulon for an experiment to be made with the steel-plated frigate *Gloire*. This vessel is to be impelled by all the power of steam to strike against a ship of the line, and endeavor to cut her in two with her bronze prow.

The steam engines of the *Gloire* are enveloped with mattresses to protect them from being too much shaken by the force of the shock. The experiment is to be tried against the ship-of-the-line *Montebello*, which is now old. Should it succeed, several large steamships will be built on the plan of the *Gloire*.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

A gentleman named De la Berge, who has just died at Paris at the advanced age of ninety-seven, was one of the last links which connect these modern days with the ancient régime. When a child, seven years of age, he was, on the 30th of May, 1770, taken by his tutor to see the fire-works in the Champs-Elysées on the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin (afterward Louis XVI.) and Marie Antoinette. It is known that, a sudden panic having seized the crowd, a scene of fearful confusion ensued, and that thirty persons were killed. One of them was young De la Berge's tutor, who perished in trying to save the child when knocked down. The boy was picked up by a workman, who placed him on his shoulders and carried him from the crowd. The De la Berge family recompensed the man, and he, having commenced business on his own account, in the end made a large fortune. They, moreover, made a rule of giving every year a certain sum, in the name of the child, to the poor of the parish; and, when M. De la Berge grew to man's estate, he made the donation himself, and continued it religiously every 30th May until his death.

BADEN.

THE ROYAL CONFERENCE

The Baden-Baden correspondent of the *Independance Belge* writes as follows:

"Baden-Baden, *June* 17, 1860.

"Among the motives which seem to have induced the Emperor of the French to seek for an interview with the Prince Regent of Prussia, his desire is quoted to prove, despite the policy, more or less revolutionary, which France is accused of favoring, or at least tolerating in Italy, that Napoleon III. had not deviated from the European concert to take advantage of it. This assertion, which is believed in German political circles, I leave to your own appreciation.

"During the meeting the most strict etiquette has been observed. Early yesterday morning the Emperor paid his visit to the Prince Regent. The Emperor was on foot. The visit he made in the afternoon yesterday was for the Princess of Prussia.

THE ETIQUETTE OBSERVED.

"It is said that a short discussion took place between Saxony and Bavaria as to who should have precedence. It was finally adjudged to the Prince Regent, who took precedence of the kings. Yesterday, at dinner, the Prince Regent, who naturally could not take his wife down, asked the King of Bavaria to give his arm to the Princess of Prussia; the Emperor Napoleon took the Grand Duchess of Baden. Then followed the Prince Regent and the King of Saxony, the King of Würtemberg and the King of Hanover, the Grand Duke of Wiemar, the Dukes of Nassau and Coburg, the Prince of Hohenzollern and the Grand Duke of Baden, and, lastly, Prince William of Baden.

"At the dinner-table the Grand Duchess of Baden sat between the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Regent; opposite to her the Princess of Prussia, between the kings of Bavaria and Saxony. The other kings and princes sat according to seniority.

"At the tea-party last evening different members of the Baden diplomacy were present, including the French envoy at Carlsruhe, Viscount de Serre and his wife, and other distinguished foreigners.

"This morning, at half past seven o'clock, the King of Saxony attended mass. The Emperor attended mass at eleven. The Emperor, accompanied by a numerous suite, and escorted by gens d'armes, went to church on foot. The Emperor having expressed annoyance at being greeted with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' he was allowed to pass, the crowd keeping respectful silence. The Protestant sovereigns attended divine service in the Lutheran chapel.

"The Grand Duke of Darmstadt arrived at Baden on Friday, and alighted at the Hôtel d'Europe, which brings the number of sovereigns assembled here up to eleven. The Grand Duke of Darmstadt, who lunched at the old castle immediately after his arrival, is the only sovereign who appeared to-day in uniform, wearing his helmet. The uniform suits his colossal figure much better than plain clothes.

"Between three and four to-day (Sunday) a Conference was held at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, in the King of Bavaria's rooms, at which were present the four kings, the Grand Duke of Darmstadt, and the Duke of Nassau; that is to say, the sovereigns of the states who were represented at the famous Wurzburg Conference in November last.

"When the Emperor paid his visit to the three kings' lodgings at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, the King of Hanover was out. At four P.M. he drove up to the hotel in a phaeton and pair, and, without announcing himself, was conducted by a waiter to the King of Hanover's apartments. As the Emperor entered, the King, leaning on his valet's arm, came out of his sleeping apartment. (The King of Hanover is blind.) The latter, not recognizing the Emperor, asked how any person could be admitted without being announced. The waiter then announced 'The Emperor of the French,' and retired.

"The Emperor had brought with him the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, which the King wore at five o'clock at dinner.

"On leaving the King of Hanover the Emperor proceeded on foot to call upon the Duke of Nassau, lodged in a house belonging to the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

"One word respecting the King of Hanover. He arrived suddenly at Berlin, on the 13th, in strict *incognito*, and asked the Prince Regent if he would allow him to attend the Conference at Baden. The Prince Regent replied that he had neither power to allow nor decline—the Conference was a free one. The King of Hanover at once notified his intention of attending, and the Prince Regent then thought it right to communicate the fact to the King of Saxony.

SWITZERLAND.

THE LAST SWISS NOTION.

A telegraphic dispatch from Berne says: "In view of an approaching Conference on the annexation of Savoy, the Federal Council has confidently proposed to the great Powers a new combination, to be substituted for the stipulations of article ninety-two of the final act of Vienna. The proposition of the Council commences by stating that, after the annexation of Savoy to France, the neutralization of Faucigny and Chablais would be of no practical use whatever for the maintenance of the neutrality of Switzerland. In order to obtain this object, Switzerland claims such a portion of territory as might be traversed in a two hours' march, and which, surrounding the lake of Geneva, would form a bulwark between Switzerland and France. The Swiss diplomatic agents abroad are charged to recommend a similar combination for adoption by the great Powers, and more especially by England, who has already taken the initiative in a similar proposal; but which demands a far more considerable territorial cession."

ITALY.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN SICILY.

At latest dates quiet prevailed in Sicily. Garibaldi had organized an expedition against Messina, the stronghold of the Royalists. It was expected that the expedition would march on the 28th ult. The Neapolitan Council have, it is reported, resolved to grant very liberal concessions to the people. These include a general amnesty, a constitution, a free press, and also an alliance with Piedmont; but the King would not assent to these joint propositions. It is said that the Neapolitan Government had determined to surrender the two captured American vessels; but our Minister insisted upon reparation for the insult offered to the American flag.

The Russian and Spanish embassadors have threatened to withdraw from Turin unless the Sardinian Government puts a stop to the filibuster expeditions against Sicily. Rumor asserts that Napoleon will not suffer the annexation of Sicily and Piedmont.

GARIBALDI REFUSES A STATUE.

The municipality of Partinico, a town near Palermo, voted unanimously a vote of thanks to Garibaldi, with a monument to bear the inscription, "Garibaldi, Liberator of Sicily." The monument, to consist of a marble statue, is to be placed in the Piazza del Carmine, which is to be hereafter known as the Piazza Garibaldi. To the communication from the municipality announcing to him the act of the Common Council, Garibaldi sent the following characteristic response:

"Dictator's Office, Palermo, *June* 4, 1860.

"I have read the deliberations of the Civic Council communicated to me in your letter of the 2d inst., and have learned therefrom that the Municipality of Partinico desires to honor me with a monument. While I am grateful for so much courtesy, I believe it right to remind the Council that I have come into Sicily to make war. Every expenditure that is not directed to that object is distasteful to me. Cease, then, to think of a statue, and expend the money in the purchase of arms and munitions. Assist thus in the support of Italian unity, for which I am fighting, and you will have laid your stone on the first among all monuments.

"Giuseppe Garibaldi, *Dictator*."

THE INSURRECTION IN CATANIA.

The following account of the insurrection in Catania is dated June 6:

"On the morning of the 31st of May, to the cry of 'Italy and Victor Emanuel!' a small body of armed men attacked the Royal troops in the city, nearly 2000 strong, consisting of infantry, horse, and artillery. For nearly eight hours they continued the combat, taking two guns from the Royalists; but wanting ammunition, and reinforcements of more than 2000 men approaching to support the Royalists, the insurgents were obliged to slacken their fire, and withdrew with a slight loss in killed and wounded, the loss on the part of the Royalists exceeding 300 killed and wounded. When the attack was over the troops set fire to various buildings, whether they had been fired from or not. Many houses were pillaged; the troops shot down every one they met in the street indiscriminately—whether rich, or poor, or sick; whether man or woman—robbing them afterward. The library of the University has suffered considerably, many valuable books being destroyed. Many houses and shops were pillaged, and what could not be carried off was destroyed. The city having been placed in a state of siege, a military commission was appointed, and a disarmament ordered; when, to the astonishment of every one, on the night of the 3d the troops withdrew, escorted by a steamer, carrying off, assisted by hired ships, all the portable articles and ammunition."

MEXICO.

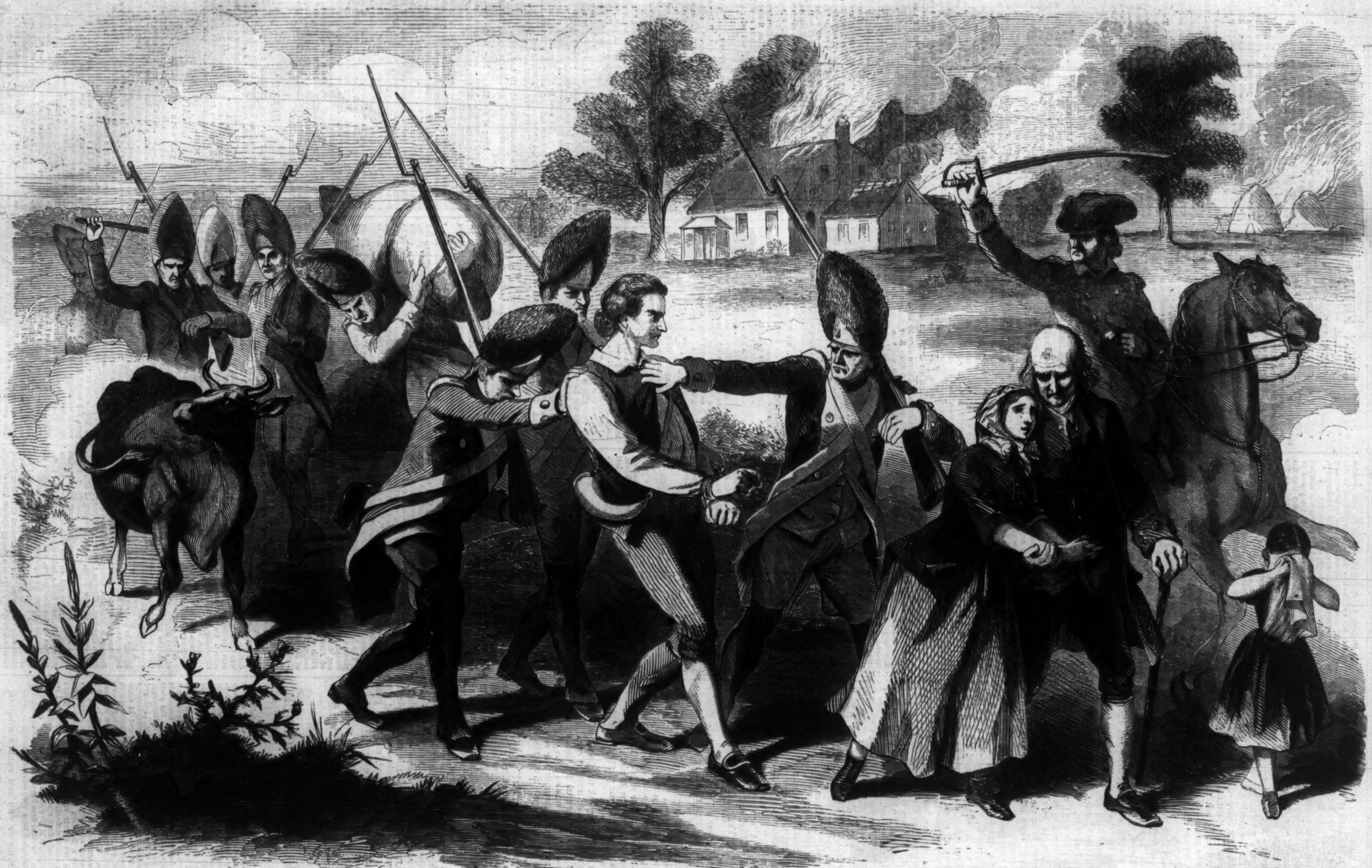
DEFEAT OF THE CHURCH FORCES.

Private letters from Monterey to the 22d, and Metamoras to the 26th ult., state that the Church forces had been defeated by the Liberals near Salamanca, and that Miramon himself was taken prisoner. A division of Miramon's troops had also been defeated by General Ortega. Civil war was raging throughout Northern Mexico, where the partisans of Comonfort were making efforts for his return.

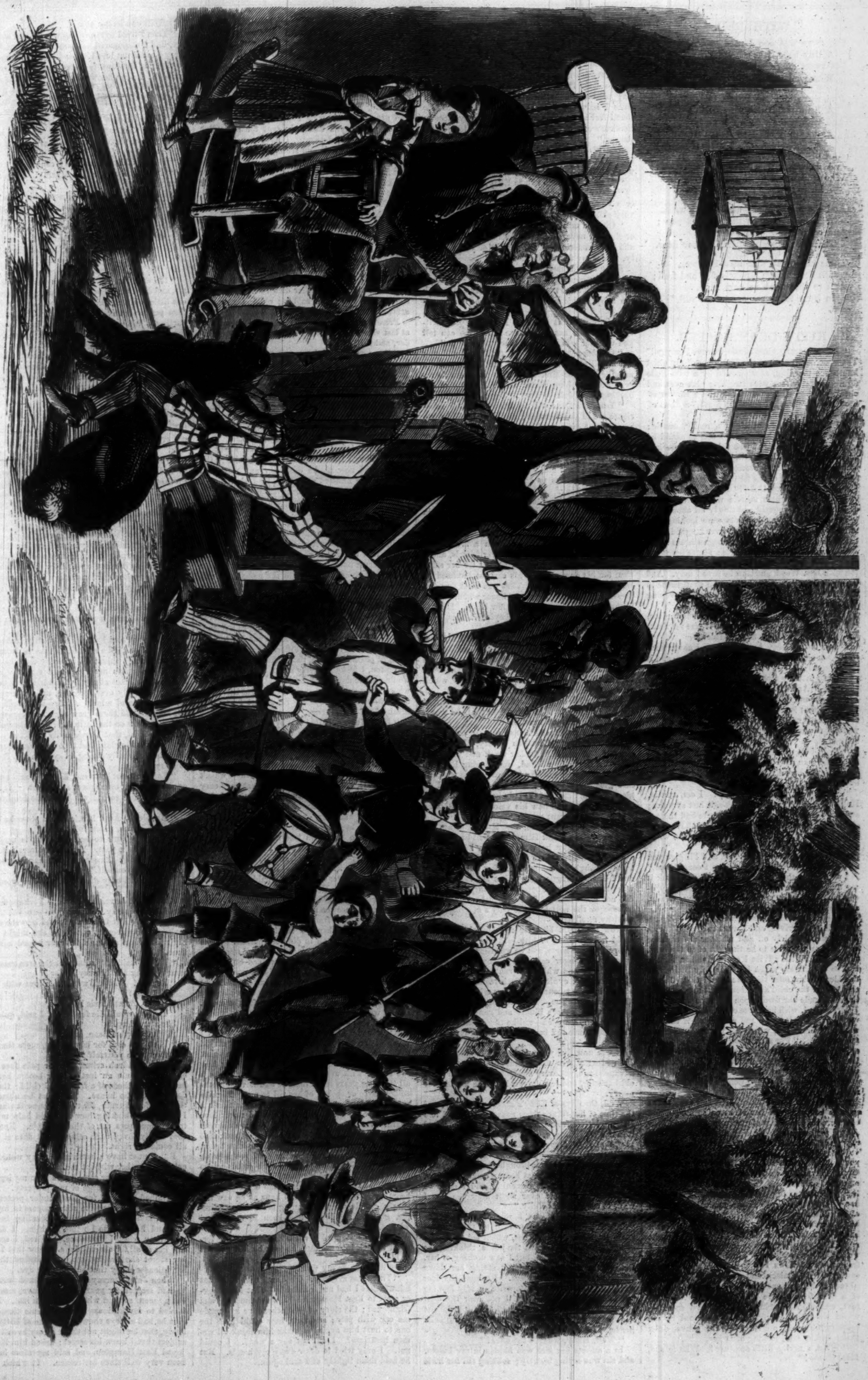
JAPAN.

THE LATE INSURRECTION.

Recent correspondence from Japan gives a definite idea of the condition of affairs there, and will serve to allay somewhat the fears which have been excited by the reports which have previously reached us. The difficulties have been undoubtedly instigated by the Prince of Mito, who aspires to the throne, and who about a year ago was banished from Jeddo to his own Principality, for having been engaged in a similar attempt against the reigning Prince. The assassination of the two Dutch sea-captains was shrouded in mystery until the attack was made on the Prince Regent, when the motive which prompted that deed was made more apparent. The intention probably was to involve the Government in a difficulty with the foreigners, during which Mito could make an attempt to obtain possession of the throne. Circumstances, however, seem to indicate that the American residents were to be exempted from massacre by his emissaries. The Prince Regent, although not killed immediately, is known to have died from the effects of his wounds; and another person has been installed, who was understood to be friendly to foreigners. No further apprehensions were felt, as this last act of Prince Mito would undoubtedly, it was thought, result in his death.



THE FOURTH OF JULY—EIGHTY YEARS AGO.



THE FOURTH OF JULY—NOWADAYS.

WITHERED.

Oh, there was one I used to know,
A tiny babe, whose witching smiles
Set sweet affection all a-glow;
Who won me with her simple wiles.

And there was one I used to know,
A little maid with sunny hair;
And with a brow as white as snow,
And with a heart as light as air.

And there was one I used to know,
A damsel, full of life and grace;
Who walk'd the great world to and fro
With angel-light upon her face.

And there was one I used to know,
Who lived to bless the old and poor;
And once I saw with bitter woe
That Death was standing at her door.

There is a tomb that now I know,
'Tis deck'd with flow'rets fair and frail;
And to that tomb in vain I go,
In hope to peer "behind the vail."

KITTY DEAN'S OFFER.

"Aunt Lizzie, Aunt Lizzie, he says I may go!" These words burst in at the front door of my quiet house one morning, accompanied by a trim little figure, a pretty face with laughing blue eyes and cheeks flushed with excitement, and a shower of brown curls "escaped from the comb," a dress of pink and white lawn, etc.

"I didn't mean to shock you, really, auntie; but it's so nice, you know, and I was so afraid he would never let me; and just think, next week!" And this exceedingly intelligible and satisfactory speech closed with a vigorous hug, which was really all I understood of the matter.

"Now stop, Kitty Dean!" I said. "Look me in the face one whole minute without speaking, and then tell me soberly and slowly all about it."

In an instant the blue eyes were looking into mine as gravely as if they had never laughed; but before the minute was up Kitty began again:

"Why, this is it, Aunt Lizzie: I have been begging father for a week to let me go to East Hampton with Mrs. Wood, and now he says I may. And we are going to stay a month, and I shall bathe in the surf every single day, and spend every evening on the beach in the moonlight."

"But East Hampton is not a remarkable place, is it, Kitty? Mrs. Wood told me it was very stupid, but a good place to fatten babies."

"Now stop, please, Aunt Lizzie. I never went to the sea-side in my life, and I want to go, and it won't be stupid—so!" And the spoiled child looked poutingly into my face. Then brightening again, she said, "And I'll tell you a secret: I have set my heart upon one thing. Now won't you laugh if I tell you about it?"

"Perhaps not," I said, musingly, my mind reverting to the sewing Kitty's advent had interrupted.

"Well, I must tell you, at all events. I am going to have an offer!"

"What *are* you talking about, child?" I said, impatiently.

"I am going to have an offer! I *am*, auntie. Helen Packer had one at the sea-side last summer; and she says almost all the girls there had them—all the pretty ones. And I think I shall have one." Kitty gave a sly glance at the mirror, then withdrawing her eyes quickly, said,

"But you must not tell father, and I'll give you an account of the whole affair when I come home."

I will spare the reader what I did not think it my duty to spare Kitty, viz.: a long lecture, disquisition, or homily on the sins of flirting, vanity, and levity.

The morning of Kitty's departure for East Hampton at length arrived, and I went to the dépôt with her to see her fairly off and whisper a few more words of sage advice to be thought of in the cars. She needed all the advice I could give her, for she had so obstinately taken into her silly little head the idea of that offer that she would talk of little else. And the child's amusement at my horror of the idea made her dwell upon it all the more.

Mrs. Wood, with her three children, was keeping watch over her luggage and wondering if the cars would never arrive, when Kitty and I made our appearance. "I'm afraid you will be disappointed, Miss Kitty," she said, as she saw the happy face of my blissful niece; "for East Hampton is a very quiet place."

"Disappointed! Oh, I don't expect any thing remarkable, Mrs. Wood."

And Kitty tried to look as if she had been to the sea-side every one of her eighteen summers, and considered it somewhat of a bore to go through the annual performance. Then, having concealed her rapturous feelings as long as was possible, she gave vent to them again by snatching Mrs. Wood's youngest from the arms of its nurse, and transforming herself into a baby-jumper, for its amusement and edification. As she danced lightly along the platform, tossing the baby aloft, and laughing her low, musical laugh at the comical expression of bewilderment and delight on its tiny features, her graceful head thrown back, and soft brown hair blown back from her bright face, I thought my Kitty very pleasant to look upon; and as I was thinking so the cars came crashing by, and from their windows I saw many a pleased look cast at my little niece, and among the faces turned toward her was one I recognized at once as that of a dear friend. He saw me, and, leaving his seat, was soon grasping my hand and speaking warm words of greeting. Kitty danced by us, scarcely deigning a glance at the grave, quiet man; and he said, looking after her,

"What a pretty little creature! Who is she, Mrs. H——?"

"My niece, Kitty Dean," I said, with a little pardonable pride; adding, "The child is very happy to-day, for she is going, for the first time in her life, to the sea-side. Mrs. Wood (you remember Mrs. Wood?) is to take her under her wing to East Hampton, down on Long Island."

"To East Hampton! Why I, too, am on my way to that quaint little village. It is so long since I indulged in a vacation and the sea-side that I feel almost like joining your pretty niece in that very original dance of hers. I do long so for the sea."

And his face lighted up with almost the same boyish smile peculiar to it years before, when he was not the pale, sad man of to-day.

"Let me introduce you to Kitty," I said.

"Stay one instant, Mrs. H——. Is she a child or a young lady? Excuse me, but she looks so very childlike just now; and yet—"

"Oh, you must treat her as a young lady, John, or she will never smile on you. She is eighteen, and fully conscious of her weight of years. Kitty, this is my friend, Mr. Murray."

Kitty drew herself up, and honored Mr. Murray with an exceedingly stately bow—the stateliness being assumed to make amends for her dance with the baby, which she knew he must have witnessed.

"Mr. Murray is going to East Hampton, Kitty; and as he has been there before, he can tell you whether it is 'all your fancy painted' it."

"Oh, *have* you been there, Sir? and will you tell me all about the surf, and the beach, and the moonlight?—for Mrs. Wood does not seem to remember any thing about them, except that the bathing cured Johnny's whooping-cough."

"Yes, Miss Dean, all my knowledge and experience are at your service; and if you will let me have a seat by your side in the cars, I will paint East Hampton in glowing colors for your benefit."

The bell rang, and all hurried to their seats in the cars. Kitty finding time, however, to whisper, as she kissed me, "I will write about the offer;" thinking thus to destroy my peace of mind for the next hour.

But I was thinking too busily of her seat-mate; and as I walked slowly homeward, I said, again and again, to myself, "Is he happy? Will he ever forget?"

John Murray had always been a favorite of mine. His mother and I were dear friends, and I interested myself in her boy, at first for her sake, then for his own. From his earliest boyhood he was true and honorable. That was what first impressed me—the high sense of honor which seemed natural to him, and which so few have. He was very frank and unreserved—boyish in this, even after he was a man in years.

He used to talk to me so freely of all his plans, his ambitions, his joys, and sorrows—looking into my face with his clear gray eyes, through which I could look right down into his true heart. And it was the loss of this boyish frankness which grieved me so now, since his disappointment.

For John Murray was a "disappointed man," as the world has it. But more than that, he was a deceived, bitterly-wronged man.

He had loved, as such true earnest men alone can love, a young Southern beauty, a belle and heiress. Others thought her weak and vain, but he loved her with a blind, unreasoning love. I shall never forget the day he came to me with his face glowing radiantly, and his eyes all full of tears, and told me that the lady he loved had promised to be his; and how his voice trembled as he said in low, reverent tones:

"Do thank God for me, Mrs. H——. *I* am not good enough to thank Him, but I will be now."

Ah, how happy he was, poor boy! He went away with his lady-love and some other friends to travel through the summer. A few weeks passed, and I heard a vague rumor that his engagement was broken. Then it became certainty; but John did not come home. In two months I read in a newspaper the notice of the lady's marriage to a wealthy foreigner.

How my heart bled for my boy then! but I could hear nothing of him. It was four months before he came home, and he was then so changed. I could no longer call him a boy. He looked years older; and while his trouble had not made him bitter and cynical as such troubles often do, he had lost that honest frankness which was once his peculiar charm. He became quiet and reserved, though more kindly and gentle than ever before, even to women—unlike those men who condemn the whole sex because one has proved faithless.

It was now five years since this happened, and John Murray was thirty years old. Not a very advanced age, yet every one looked upon him as an old bachelor, and few dreamed that he would ever marry.

Well, the days of Kitty's absence went by, and the time of her return drew near. I had had two or three letters from her; but they were short and rather unsatisfactory, all agreeing upon one point, viz., that East Hampton was *not* stupid. I missed the little damsel sadly, and was very glad when, one afternoon, a note was brought me from her, saying, "Dear Auntie, I'm at home; came this noon. Father is going out this evening, and I shall be alone. Please come over right after tea, for I want to see you dreadfully."

Of course I went, for I wanted to see Kitty "dreadfully" too. As I walked up the pleasant path, lined with rose-bushes, which led to Kitty's abode, I looked up toward the house, thinking she would come to meet me, but I saw nothing of her. Going into the house, and not seeing her down stairs, I went up to her room. I opened the door softly, and came upon Kitty sitting idly looking out of the window. She did not hear the door open, and, as her face was turned from me, did not see me till I came close to her, and drawing back her head said, laughingly,

"Well, Kitty, where's the offer?"

In a minute her face was hidden in my bosom, and she was crying bitterly; sobbing till her little form shook convulsively, and I was fairly frightened. "Kitty, pet, what is it?" I asked, anxiously. "Do look up at me and speak."

Then she lifted her head and looked into my face. Instead of the bright, plump, rosy face she had worn a month before, she was pale, heavy-eyed, and thin. Sitting down I drew her into my lap and said, while the tears trembled in my own eyes,

"Why, Kitty, you have been ill! Why did you not let me know? I would have gone and nursed you if you had only sent for me. But never mind now, darling. I have you safe, and you will soon be well and strong. So don't cry." Kitty smiled faintly, and said:

"Do I look so very thin, auntie? Father thinks so, too, and has gone to see Mrs. Wood about me; but, indeed, I've not been sick."

"Not been sick! Why, what then *is* the matter? Not been sick!"

"No, auntie, I have not been sick an hour. I wish I *were* sick; I wish I were dead!" And with another passionate burst of tears, Kitty laid her head down on my shoulder. I soothed and quieted her, stroking her hair, kissing her forehead, and singing scraps of lullaby music, just as I had comforted her when her mother died twelve years before, and she, a little sobbing child, lay in my arms as now.

Presently she grew calmer, the sobs ceased, and at last she lifted the little wet face from my shoulder, and said,

"I'm sorry to frighten you so, auntie; but I have kept it in so long, and I knew *you* would let me cry. I am very miserable, Aunt Lizzie."

This she said so mournfully, and with such a piteous look on her pale face, that I broke through my resolution not to question her as to her trouble, and said, quickly,

"What *is* it, Kitty? What has happened?"

Drawing a long, quivering sigh, she said,

"I think I had better tell you all about it, auntie, though I could not tell any one else in the world; and now please don't say any thing till I have quite finished the story, or I shall break down, and I want you to know it all."

So she laid her head down again, hiding her eyes on my shoulder, and began:

"You know, Aunt Lizzie, the silly speeches I made before I went away about having an offer. Well, though I knew it was silly, I could not help hoping that I might have one to tell the girls about when I came back. I thought it would be so nice to be knelt to on the beach in the moonlight, and have some one beg me to love him and pity his misery, and all that; and then I had made up what I thought the prettiest speech in reply, telling him that I was very sorry, but I could never love him; would always think of him as a friend, and closing by asking if I had ever led him to think I would give him a different reply. And I thought of this so much, that, when I reached East Hampton, I looked eagerly around the table when we first came down to breakfast at Mr. J.'s to see what young gentlemen there were. But there was not one—not a single one. So at last I began to think of—of Mr. Murray."

"John Murray, child! Why—"

"Auntie, auntie, please wait; I can't bear it now. I did not think of Mr. Murray till he began to be with me a good deal, to walk with me, and sit out under the trees with me after dinner. And he was so pleasant and agreeable, and there wasn't any one else, and I liked him; so it was very easy to make him think I liked him better than I did. So I never declined any of his attentions; and I used to talk and sing and walk with him till at last we were together nearly all the time. It was so pleasant to have him like me so much, prefer me to all the other ladies, that I really forgot all about the offer—indeed I did, and did not try to lead him on to make it. But at last it came. Oh, Aunt Lizzie, I had never dreamed it would be like *that*. He was sent for to New York, and the evening before he went we made up a party to drive down to the beach and see the moon rise. There was quite a wagon-load of us from Mr. J.'s, Parson's, and the other houses. When we reached the beach we separated and went off in different parties. Some sat on the branches under 'the bower,' some outside on the sand, while others walked off up the beach. Mr. Murray and I wandered away from the rest, and soon found ourselves quite out of sight of all the others. Then he spread his shawl on the sand, and we sat down to watch for the moon. I knew what he was going to say; I felt it was coming; and I was a little frightened, but still somewhat vain and glad. Foolish, foolish child that I was! It seems so long ago, as if I had grown old since then. He began in such a low, solemn voice, and told me about the one he loved years ago; how she trifled with and deceived him; how through all the long years since then he had never breathed her name or spoken of her till to me. Then he said he did not believe with those who think a man who once loved earnestly should never love again. He had given all his love to a mere dream—a boy's vision—and it had all come back into his heart; now he should spend it upon a truer, worthier object. And then he told me how he loved me. Oh, Aunt Lizzie, such words as he spoke then! He told me how, in the short weeks we had been together, this love had come up in his heart, growing every day and hour as he saw my simple, guileless nature opening before him. 'Simple, guileless!' when I had been so artful and wicked.

"Then he stopped a minute, and, bending forward to look into my face, he took both my hands in his and said,

"'Will you be my wife?'

"There was my offer. Oh, how I wished in that minute that I had never met him—that I had never gone to East Hampton! I was trembling and frightened; the story of that other love had made me cry with pity; and now, how could I be the one to hurt him again, to make him think all women heartless? I did not say a word. I could not. I only tried to draw away my hands. But he held them tightly and said again,

"'Will you be my wife?'

"Then I tried to remember what I had meant to say, and I stammered out something about feeling sorry I could not love him, and hoping he had never thought I meant to encourage his attentions, and—oh! I don't know what I said; it was all trifling nonsense. Shall I ever forget his grieved look when I had done? He looked into my eyes a minute, and then said, in a low, sad voice,

"'Kitty Dean, if you do not love me, if you will not be my wife, say so at once. I am no boy, to have my love played with. In mercy say it quickly, if at all.'

"Then I said, as firmly as I could,

"'I do not love you, Mr. Murray. I can not be your wife.'

"He turned away then, bowed his face in his hands, and sat so a long time, still and silent. I thought my heart would break, to see that strong, noble man, whom I am not worthy to think of, so bent down with what I had made him suffer. I could not bear it. I crept to him and knelt before him. I clasped my hands and said,

"'Oh, Mr. Murray, I am so sorry!'

"He uncovered his face, put his arms around me, and drew me close to his breast; held me there one little minute, whispered 'Good-by, my child!' then put me away and rose up. That was our parting. We walked together to join the rest of the party; but all the time I felt miles away from him. We had parted, and I shall never be near him again. He put me out of his heart, just as he put me out of his arms. That is the story. Now you may talk, Aunt Lizzie—now you may say all the harsh, bitter things you can think of—nothing can be too bad for me."

And then she fell to crying again.

"I can not scold you to-night, Kitty," I said. "You are miserable enough as it is; and you must not cry another tear, or we shall have you really sick."

So I undressed the poor little thing and put her to bed, then left her. Down stairs I found my brother-in-law, anxiously waiting to hear my opinion of his pet. I quieted his fears, assuring him that Kitty was not seriously ill, only suffering from the effects of the sea air, to which she was not accustomed.

Then I went home, thinking very hard.

Notwithstanding Kitty's grief, my heart turned away from her now to John Murray—my poor John. Was there no one in the world for the foolish child to play her school-girl's pranks with but my boy? I was impatient, and could hardly forgive my niece in my heart. To be sure she was wretched about it now; but it was mere childish wretchedness, which would soon wear away, while John would suffer on.

But days passed by, and Kitty only looked sadder and paler. She seemed to take no interest in any one or any thing. But every day she would steal quietly into my room as I sat at work, sit down on a cricket at my feet, and lay her head in my lap, scarcely ever speaking unless in reply to some question of mine. And so she would sit by the hour. And there grew such an expression of patient sorrow on the little face, which had always been so bright, that I grew sadly troubled. I had not thought the child had such a tender heart, and now she was really pining away from pity for John Murray.

"You must not be so sad, Kitty," I said one day, as she sat in her usual place at my feet. "It makes your father feel so badly. Try to be brighter and happier."

"Happier! Aunt Lizzie, I can never be happy again," said she, mournfully.

"You must try to be, dear. It is useless to mourn so for the past. You can not recall it. You can not remedy the sorrow you have caused by sorrowing so yourself."

"If I could only die for him!" she cried, passionately.

A new light dawned upon me. Perhaps the girl loved John Murray. If so, I felt sure she did not yet know it. But I thought it was best she should make the discovery; otherwise she might possibly reject John again, if he ever wooed a second time.

"Kitty," said I, "what was the true reason for your refusing Mr. Murray's offer?"

"Reason! Why, I was not in love with him."

"Not *then*?"

"Never, Aunt Lizzie!"

"Yet you would die for him?" I said, quietly.

She started up.

"What do you mean, aunt?"

"That you care for him, Kitty, more than you have owned to yourself yet."

A sudden blush crimsoned her pale face; she stood before me an instant, her bosom heaving, her eyes like those of a frightened child; then she darted from the house. She must be alone with this new-found truth, for truth I knew it was now. I sat alone, thinking how I should help my two troublesome pets out of their trouble. Now that they really loved each other, I felt sure it would all come out right.

But I must have a hand in it; they would never come together without me.

Now John had for some years been my legal adviser, having the charge of my property. I now determined to send for him, under pretense of wishing him to examine some papers in my possession, and thus to contrive a meeting between him and Kitty. So I wrote for him. I did not tell Kitty what I had done. Indeed, I scarcely saw her at all for several days. Now that I knew her secret she avoided me, and blushed through her paleness every time she met my eye.

When John Murray came he seemed just what he had seemed for years—quiet, grave, reserved; but no more so than when I saw him last. He attended to my business with the same thoughtful care he had always shown. I spoke of Kitty carelessly, that he might not think by my avoiding the subject that I knew his secret; asked him if he enjoyed East Hampton, and said my niece had not been very well since her return. To which he replied, absently, that he saw Miss Dean frequently in East Hampton, and that she seemed in good health while there. His manner, while saying this, was not at all lover-like; but then I did not expect it to be. John Murray was no boy, to blush and stammer when in love.

The day after his arrival John went out to walk. I was sitting in my little sewing-room at my work when Kitty came in. She was pale, and quiet as usual, and, after kissing me "Good-morning," she sat down silently at the open window. Suddenly I was startled by her exclaiming,

"Aunt Lizzie!"

I turned, and seeing her crimsoned face, her half-frightened, half-reproachful look, I knew she had seen John Murray coming in. She started toward the door, but I laid my hand on her arm.

"You shall not go, Kitty," I said, decidedly. "You shall not trifle with him again. Stay!"

She stood, timid, irresolute, and he entered the room. As his eye fell upon her he started, and a faint color tinged his cheek, but he bowed courteously, and held out his hand to her (that was for *my* benefit, who was supposed to be ignorant of the affair). Kitty took his offered hand without looking at him. But now the blushes had left her face, and it was very white. As John glanced at her he exclaimed, involuntarily,

"You have been ill, Miss Dean!"

She looked up at him, met his anxious gaze, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. Poor child, she had become a perfect Niobe of late. John Murray looked annoyed. His pride would not let him submit to be pitied by the woman who had refused his hand. His face flushed, and holding his head high, looking so proud and handsome, he said,

"I am sorry my presence distresses you, Miss Dean. Let me assure you, if these tears are shed from compassion for me, I do not require them. I need no one's pity!" and he turned to leave the room.

Here was a situation! What should I do? I was in despair; and growing desperate as he opened the door, I whispered hastily, unseen by Kitty, "You foolish boy—she loves you!"

He hesitated, looked incredulously at me, then glanced at Kitty, whose face was still covered with the little hands which had grown so thin since he held them in his own on East Hampton beach. His expression softened, and I rushed from the room, leaving the two shut up together. So sure was I now of a happy termination to my manœuvring that I went coolly off to market, and staid away an hour. When I came home Kitty's little straw-hat still hung in the hall, and from my sewing room I heard low murmurs issue, which convinced me that the lovers were yet there. So, before opening the door I thoughtfully made a great deal of unnecessary noise with the handle, all the time singing in the most unconscious manner.

But when I *did* open it! There was John—the grave, sad old bachelor—sitting on the sofa with his arm encircling the waist of my niece, Kitty Dean, who, as I entered, looked up with a beaming, blushing face, and glancing at that audacious arm, said, apologetically,

"He won't take it away."

"I would not, indeed!" cried I, as, like a silly old woman, I put *my* arms about both of them, and fell to crying and laughing.

"Kitty has had offer No. 2, Mrs. H——, to make up for that first one which was so unlike what she expected," said John, laughing.

"Oh! don't speak of that folly, please. Mr.—well—John!" murmured Kitty.

And "John," delighted with the sound of his name from those lips, vowed solemnly never to tease her; and as he had no Bible to kiss, to prove the sincerity of his vow, he had to substitute for the volume what happened to be nearest. So he did!

THE LOTS UPON THE RAFT.

SOME years ago I happened to be wind-bound in the port of L——. A furious westerly gale had set in at the full of the moon, and raged with a violence which can be appreciated only by those "who go down to the sea in ships," and "behold the wonders of the deep."

The hurricane whistled wildly through the rigging; great sheets of surge, beaten into foam-froth over the rough breast-work of rocks under whose shelter we lay, were whirled aloft through the spars, showing against the black scud that careered above, like clouds of snow-drift flying through the pines on a dark mountain side.

"Sail ho! a sail, Misthur Moriarty! A sail, Murtagh jewel!" exclaimed two or three fishermen to our weather-beaten pilot.

We peered anxiously to seaward, and in the intervals of the drift and mist, just under the lofty cliffs, and almost within the broad belt of snowy breakers that foamed at their base, was a gallant ship under close-reefed topsails and courses, staggering under the pressure of the latter, as if carried on with a reckless desperation akin to despair, in order to extricate her from the fearful position into which over-confidence or the thick haze of rain and surge had betrayed her.

"God be marciful! Bud by the living—"

Whatever else the old pilot would have said died upon his lips; a mighty wall of waters came rolling down upon the hapless bark just as she was about to clear the point of greatest danger. For a moment she wavered on her course, as though her helmsman was paralyzed at the appalling peril. It was, however, for a moment only; again she lay over to the hurricane squall, until all her broad decks were visible. There was a great sheet of hissing surge boiling out from under her lee bow, which showed the tremendous velocity with which her desperate crew were forcing her through the broken water; gallantly, coolly, and with stern resolve she was held on that fearful course, as if gathering up her speed and her strength for the last great struggle to escape destruction. Already was the towering mass upon her; another moment, and she would be rolled broadside on into that seething caldron, a mass of riven planks and timbers—the chaos of despair, of death! We held our breaths in torturing anticipation of what was to follow. Already the cry of the strong swimmers in their agony seemed resounding in our ears; no mortal hand could help, no human aid could reach them. Suddenly her helm was put down: as she came up in the wind the thunder of her shivering canvas sounded like the knell of doom; she lifted buoyantly to the giant sea, rose upon its advancing crest, as if with the last great effort of exhausted strength, burst through the curling ridge of white foam, and, falling off on the other tack, disappeared from our fevered gaze in a column of spray-smoke and rain-mist.

"Bravely done! Bravely and well done!" shouted old Moriarty, in intense excitement. "Ay—ay—by my sowl, the child that sails her is no chicken! He knows every shtick in her timper too, or he'd never thry such a divil's thrick as that wid her. If a rope yarn failed him, his sperit id be on the road to glory now. The Lord be praised for his marcy in sparin' them! Ids down on ther knees they ought to be this blessed minit?"

"Th'er no sthrangers here any how, Murtagh!"

"Thrue for you, Billy Duncan, alanna, ay, indeed, that th'er not; here she comes now, squared away afore the wind; but my ould eyes are so mildewed wid the say dhrift, that I can't make out what she is at all!"

"Whisht, boys, whisht! Spake aisy, can't you? Ye'll know what she is now. Don't ye see who's comin' along the pier?"

All eyes were turned from the rapidly approaching vessel in the direction indicated by the speaker. A tall and stately looking female was striding along the rugged causeway, heedless alike of the furious tempest or the pitiless peltings of rain and spray. She was clothed in garments of rusty black, which barely sufficed to cover her poor weak frame, much less to protect her from the inclemency of the elements. In the hard-drawn lines of her aged and care-worn features could be traced the vestiges of early and wondrous beauty—the wreck of one of earth's fairest flowers. A look of patient suffering strangely contrasted with the expression of her bright dark eyes, from which a baleful, almost ferocious, fire gleamed fitfully. Her hands were clasped with feverish energy, as if in earnest, ceaseless supplication: her gaze wandered not: it was fixed upon the approaching ship. She moved through pointed rocks, and across yawning chasms, like a being of another world. Ever and anon her lips moved, as if in prayer, yet she spoke to none, nor seemed to be aware of the presence of a human being. The moment she gained the light-house platform she knelt at its margin, lonely, sad, and weird-looking, swaying her body backward and forward, her hands raised in prayer. Her voice now rose in incoherent murmurings, and anon died away; but the same intensely vengeful light gleamed ever from her eyes.

"Letty Blair, God help her!" exclaimed old Murtagh. "If I was Black Will Gardiner, I'd sooner my bones were washing under yon cliffs than face such a welkim as this afther every vy'ige!"

"For Heaven's sake, Murtagh! what is the meaning of all this? Surely the poor creature must be mad: she will die from such exposure. Let us remove her to shelter and warmth."

"Hist, yer honor, hist! it's poor Letty Blair. She's goin' to curse Black Will Gardiner, the skipper of the *Gipsy Bride*."

Meanwhile the vessel which had caused all this excitement had drawn nigh, and her bowsprit now appeared as she rounded the pier end in such close proximity that a man might have stepped on to her bulwarks. Usually, when a vessel returns to her port after a voyage, there are those at hand to give the tempest-tossed mariners a cheery welcome home. Some few stragglers had joined us, but, save an odd cry of recognition, her dripping and startled-looking crew were grouped forward in sullen silence: no joyous outburst welcomed the wanderers of the deep; no triumphant cheer acknowledged the gallant battle for life that had been fought and won. No: a deep and ominous gloom appeared to hang over the ship and her crew. At this moment the appearance and movements of the captain of the *Gipsy Bride* arrested my attention. He was a man in the prime of life, of colossal stature, powerful and athletic frame, but withal of a stern, gloomy, and forbidding aspect; and if ever the face of man gave index of the mind, his might be read without envy. His swarthy features were convulsed in a manner fearful to behold: hatred, rage, fear, despair, all the evil passions which crime entails upon its followers, reigned in turn: the veins upon his forehead stood out like knotted rope-yarns; his powerful grasp clutched at every thing within reach, as though he fevered to grapple with a deadly foe. The struggle for mastery over his feelings was terrible. The short, quick walk along the quarter-deck ceased the moment he caught sight of that kneeling woman. He stood glaring like some ferocious beast about to spring upon his prey. A howl of torture—the pent-up cry of racking mental agony—burst from his lips. It increased into a half-shriek, half-roar. His hand shook like a man's with ague, as, pointing to the form which bent over him from the rocky platform, like that of an avenging angel, with a burst of fearful impreeations, he thundered forth:

"Eternal fires! will no one strike that old hag from my sight!"

It was a solemn sight, accompanied by fearful sounds! That ship and her crew just gliding into the safe and sheltered haven, escaped as by a marvel of Providence from a horrible death, and instead of voices upraised in glad thanksgiving for mercy vouchsafed, to hear that awful shout of ribald blasphemy rising high above the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind! And then that weird-looking, kneeling woman, wrapped in her grave-yard garments of woe, muttering forth incoherent ejaculations, in which invocations of Heaven's wrath were strangely mingled with supplications for mercy! The visitation that destroyeth the body and the soul was prayed for in the same breath as the exemption of the innocent from the doom of the guilty! By the night or by the day, in the calm or in the storm, by the land or by the sea, sleeping or waking, in health or in sickness, that "the worm which dieth not, and the fire which is never quenched," might prey upon the spirit, blast the hope, wither the strong frame, and dry up the life's-blood of William Gardiner—the outcast of God and of man!

"I'm thinking," said the pilot, "yer honor is aiger to hear the story of poor Letty Lorimer?" and, as I assented, the old man commenced:

"It's now many a long year since ould Clement Lorimer was a big man, an' a sthrong ship-owner in this same port of L——. He owned ships that wint to a great many places beyant the say, an' his word was as good as another man's bond. Well, Clement had a daughter, the poor wake craythur yer honor seen to-day, an' och! weary me! ids myself that remimbers poor Letty Lorimer, the purtiest Colleen Dhas that ever tossed a spidthers-web from a grass-brake on a May mornin', an' becoorse all the gay young chaps about these parts used to be cocking their caubeens at her; but Letty id have none of 'em; she was grand-like in her idayies, an' was given to readin' about great men that wint across the says, an' med great fortins. Well, there were two apprentices sint to ould Clement—the sons of marchints he used to have dalins wid—one was a fine dashin' young Scotchman, none uv yer hard-lined, skin-the-cat sort of chaps, bud a great, big-hearted, jovial chap; och! shure, they said he was descinded from the great King Robert the Bruce; anyhow, no matther who was at the beginning of him, he was a raale fine, handsome, slashin' sailor, an' no two ways about him; t'other fellow, they said, was a side-wind from Spain; bud he'd an English name at all events, an' was a great, big-limbed, dark-lookin' customer—morose and self-given like—nobody fancied him; but bonny Donald Blair was in every body's mouth. William Gardiner was ould Lorimer's favorite at all events; whether his people had more money nor Donald's nobody knew rightly; bud people said that Letty was to be married to him whin he was out uv his time. Ther's always two voices to a bargain, and although Letty wasn't much consulted at first, bedad she was daytermined she'd have her own way; so the very day Donald Blair was out uv *his* time the two uv them sets off an' gets married hard an' fast, an' maybe there wasn't the devil's own rookaun about it; however, Clement, sinsible-like, med the best uv the bargain his daughter got, an' had them home, an' daycently married, an' a powerful jollification ther' was; every body got dhrunk uv coorse, for Donald was such a favorite that nobody envied him but one, that one was Will Gardiner; next or near the weddin' he never kem, but was black and sulky as a chained bear. I'm told 'twas dhreadful to hear the oaths he swore about the revenge he'd take on Donald Blair.

"Clement Lorimer, to make up wid him like, gev him the command uv one uv his best ships, an' to show that there was no ill-will betwixt nor between them, he sent Donald Blair out as chief mate: she was as fine a bark as ever yer honor clapped eyes on—oh, a raal beauty!—called the *Carlo Zeno*: that was a woful vy'ige for Donald, poor, light-hearted, gay Donald Blair—he never kem back; he was logged as washed overboord in a squall off the Great Piton Rocks, near the island of Saint Lucia; there was whisperins uv foul play; but Will Gardiner challenged 'em all, an' as the log was found all square, an' the crew spoke up, why there the thing ended.

"Not wid poor Letty, though—the poor craythur!—she never lifted her head from that day; an' the poor ould masther too, wid all Donald's wild ways, was fond uv him, for who wouldn't? The poor lad was as honest an' open-hearted as the light uv day, only fond uv his joke an' his divarshun—small blame to him!—ids a sorry sowl that goes through the world without rubbing a few bright spots in id.

"In the coorse of time the widow Blair became a mother; an' if ever the dead came to life again the father did in that boy, only he had the mother's beauty an' all her winnin' ways to the back of all poor Donald's dash an' bravery; he grew fast, an' ould Clement began to regard him as the apple uv his eye, couldn't bear him out uv his sight for a minit; bud the dark times wor at hand, things began to go cross wid the poor ould masther—first one ship was wracked, thin another, until, at last, the only one he had left was the *Carlo Zeno*.

"Well, the time kem when something must be done wid young Donald—he'd no longer his grandfather to look to, so bedad the heritage uv his poor drowned father was bestowed upon him—and he was sint to sarve his time wid Will Gardiner: oh! but that was a sorry partin', for Clement Lorimer had parted wid his last ship to him, an' in sending his darlin' grandson wid him id seemed like a last hope that he'd bring back the fortune that was gone. Many, many was the requests he made uv Will that he'd behave to his poor boy, an' do by him what he had done for Will Gardiner to make him an honest sailor an' a Christian man. That same night Black Will, as we always called him, had a long talk with Mrs. Blair, an' he asked her the question that had been the aim an' object of his life—he asked her to be his wife, an' to forget all she had ever loved as only a woman can love—once; but he spoke uv him that was dead an' gone, of the man with whom he'd broken the same bread and drunk the same cup, as a ne'er-do-weel that desarved to be forgotten, little knowin'—the black-hearted villain!—the woman he had to dale with. Oh, my jewel! it was Letty that up an' gev him her mind; and he left her that night wid the scowl upon his brow and the curse upon his lips.

"More nor a year passed away, and still no news uv the *Carlo Zeno*. The poor mother was well-nigh disthracted, and as for ould Clement he was fairly beside himself. At last, one fine day, who should come back, as if the finger uv Fate was on him, but Black Will himself, and nobody else, wid the exception of Art Sullivan, a very ould man, who was carpenter of the ship. She had foundered at say—the crew escaped on a raft; but, after days of awful sufferin', the only two that were picked off that fatal raft was himself and the carpenter.

"The measure of poor Clement Lorimer's bitterness was now full. He had seen ships, and money, and every thing pass away from him; and now the only being that bound him to earth—that his poor old wearied heart clung to—the fair, golden-haired, laughin' boy, whose presence was like sunshine to him, and whose life was wrapped up in his own—he was gone, too, and all the world was black and dreary to him. He longed for rest—the rest that knows no brakin' 'til the last day comes—and the poor broken-hearted, desolate sowl was not long findin' it. We laid him in his last restin'-place, an' all that remained of the once great ship-master was a narrow grave and a plain little head-stone; and poor Letty was left in solitary widowhood to mourn the days that wor past—too happy to be lastin', and too fleetin' to be true.

"The little that was left her she spent in charity and preparin' herself for the home where those she loved best had gone before her.

"Well, yer honer, one night Letty was tould that a dyin' man wanted to make his peace wid the world, and that he should see her.

"'Do you know me?' says he to her, whin she wint into the wretched cabin where he was lyin' on a lock uv sthraw.

"'You're Art Sullivan!' says she, 'a faithful servant of my poor father's.'

"'Ay, God help me, Miss Letty!' says he; 'I was once honest, an' had a clear conscience, bud for that black villain Will Gardiner!' says he.

"'What about him? What of him?' says she. 'Oh! Art Sullivan, asthore machree! if you know any thing of my poor lost boy, as you are now about to appear before your Judge, tell me!'

"'Listen, my poor Colleen!' says he. 'Listen—'twas for that I sint for you. Whin we escaped on the raft young Donald was safe and sound, and so wor all the crew; but we had days and nights of awful sufferin'—hunger and thirst and the killin' heat by day soon sent most of them mad, and they jumped into the say, where the sharks made short work of them, and the rest died of fair starvation. At last none were left but Will Gardiner, myself, and young Donald Blair. Oh! but he was a brave, fine boy! He kept our spirits goin' day by day, and bid us cheer up, although the poor darlin's bones wor peepin' through his skin. That terrible man had a little store of rum and biscuit, for I kept my eye on him night an' day; and when he knew I had discovered him he gave me a taste now and then, but never a morsel or a sup would he give the brave child that was dyin' before his face. I took it, and I tried to make the little Donald swallow some; but no, he had the sperit of a lion. "No!" he used to whisper, and his little eyes would flash. "What the black rascal would not give to the poor men that's gone shall never pass my lips!" It was a just rebuke to myself, a big man, to hear that from the lips of a child; but I was wake and feeble, and the great black thief was sthrong through his own cowardly selfishness—so what could I do? When a man is driven to death by inches he craves for life more than ever—pride, manliness, every thing is wake in him; but that boy was a hero, if ever there was one born. At last the day came that all was gone. Another and another followed; and Black Will Gardiner stooped over me and whispered a horrid timptation; for, says he, "If we can only prolong life a couple of days more, we'll be sure to fall in wid some of the homeward-bounders!" My blood curdled at his words; but as the day wore on, and no sign uv a sail, he spoke to me again. But I swore at him, and he swore at and cursed me, and called me a drivelin' old fool to cant about mercy to a worthless brat. I wondther now he did not throw me overboard, but the coward was afraid of his conscience—he feared being alone. At last he spoke out bold, and said the time was come we should draw lots for life; one must die to keep the others alive. The lots were drawn, and, God forgive him and me! *the lots were drawn falsely*, and poor little Donald—oh! God shield that sight from my memory!—there was that arch-demon struggling wid that poor small child. I screamed; I tried to rise and help and save him; but no, I was feebler than he was, and at last the blow was struck. Ay, God forgive him, that man-devil! he murdered poor little Donald—he drank of his blood and he ate of his flesh, and he forced it upon me, too, and bound me by fearful oaths never to reveal what I do now; but I could not die aisy. Oh! mercy, mercy, Miss Letty! I am goin'—I am—' The wild cry alone answered; the spirit of the old man had fled, and with it the senses of poor Letty Blair."

"And is it possible, Murtagh," I exclaimed, "that nothing has ever been done about this?"

"God bless yer honer!" said the old man, "what could we do? Letty told me the story herself in a few odd clear moments she had after the first shock passed away, bud then she got worse than ever. Our only witness was dead, and who would take a man's life on the word of a poor crazed woman? Bud his day will come, yer honer—sooner or later! The finger is on him, sure an' fixed! He tried sailin' from other ports, bud he always comes back to this. Bud tell me, yer honer," said the old man, with intense eagerness, "do you believe in the appearance of sperits from the other world?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because poor Letty often wandthers by the say-side, and says that she is talking to little Donald; and thin she kneels down beside old Clement's grave, and whispers to him to be of good cheer—that little Donald is comin' to him, and that she is comin' too, but that she must wait for Will Gardiner; and, sure enough, when we see her doin' this, we know he is not far off; and let it be by day or by night that he comes back, there she kneels upon that platform of rock—the first that he sees whin he comes, and the last whin he goes away. God forgive her poor wanderin', broken sperit, it's not Christian-like, but shure she knows no better—she asks for her poor lost son—once the pride of the heart that shall never bloom again—the light of the eyes that shall never sparkle more but in madness. Terrible will be the fate of the man that wrongs the widowed and the fatherless!"

The old pilot ceased, and I shall do the same, good reader. I tell you the tale as it was told to me; and, for aught I know, the poor maniac mother may still frequent the little pier of L——, and Black Will Gardiner may still be prosperous; but, as sure as the old pilot said it, his day will come.

I need hardly say that the names I have introduced are not the real ones.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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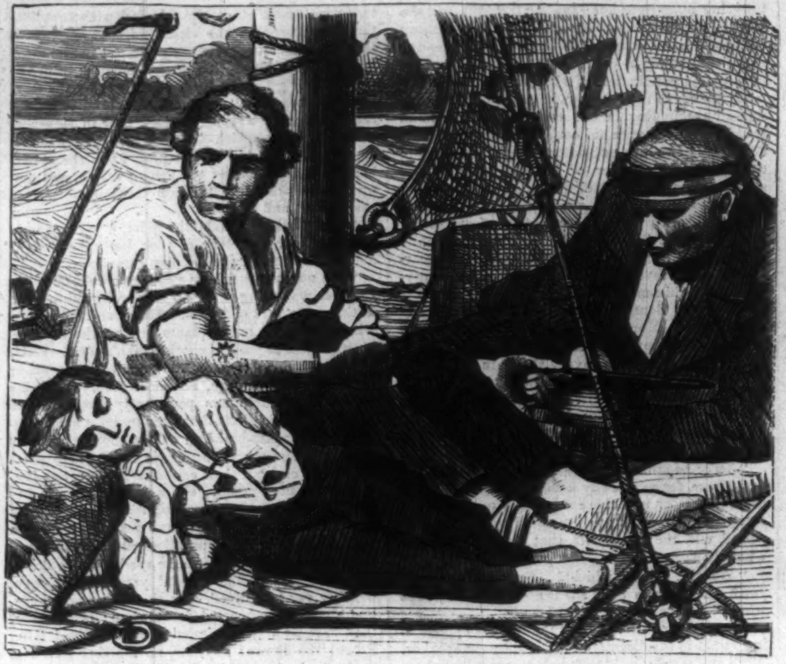


THE LOTS UPON THE RAFT.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SPLICE PARTED.

The drum rolled, the marines presented arms, the boatswain piped, the side boys and officers took off their caps; and as the colors dropped with the last ray of sunset from the peak, and the broad blue day pennant came fluttering down from the lofty main truck, Commodore Cleveland and his friends stood on the splendid deck of the flag-ship *Monongahela*.

It must have been with conscious pride that that brave and loyal commander gazed around him on the noble frigate and her gallant crew. The white decks, the tiers of cannon polished like varnished leather, with the breechings and tackles laid fair and even over and around them; the bright belaying pins, holding their never-ending coils of running gear—the burnished brass capstan—the great boom board to the boats amidships with a gleaming star of cutlasses, reflecting a glitter on the ring of long pikes stuck around the mainmast near; all enclosed by the high and solid bulwarks; while towering above, like mighty leafless columns of forest pines, stood the lofty masts running up almost out of sight to the trucks in the fading light; supported by stays and shrouds, singly and in pairs, and braided mazes—black and straight and taut—never a thread loose on rigging or ratlin—and spreading out as they came down in a heavy hempen net, till they disappeared over the rail and were clenched and spliced, or seized and clamped to the bolts and dead-eyes of the chain-plates outside.

"Gentlemen, let me make you acquainted with the first lieutenant, Mr. Hardy, and permit me also to present my nephew, Mr. Darcantel, captain—if you please, my friends—of the one-gun schooner *Rosalie*, formerly the slaver *Perdita*, cut out of a river on the Gold Coast by the young gentleman who stands before you."

"Rosalie! why that's the name of my niece," exclaimed Piron, "and she is prettier and whiter than your trim little craft, Sir. But you must come with the Commodore to Escondido and judge for yourself. But, bless my soul! *you* resemble our Rosalie, even if your schooner don't. Why, look at him, Paddy Burns!"

Don Stingo, and Tom Stewart, and the Paddy did look at him, and all shook hands with him, laughing the while at Piron, and asking when old Clinker looked for another earthquake.

"Come, Piron, come, gentlemen, don't let us keep the soup waiting! By-the-way, Mr. Hardy, will you do me the favor to take a glass of wine with us after gun-fire? Thank you. Suppose you bring little Mouse with you—I like children; and perhaps you will excuse the younker from keeping his watch to-night? A little extra sleep in his hammock won't hurt him, you know."

And so Commodore Cleveland raised his hat—followed by the eyes of respect and devotion from officer and sailor—as he passed down the ladder and entered his spacious cabin.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BLUE PENNANT IN THE CABIN.

"Now, gentlemen, let me get off this heavy coat and epaulets. There! all right, Domino! put the sword in its case, and give me a white jacket. Choose your own places, my friends. Piron, sit here on my right; Henri, take the foot of the table."

These last words were said in French; whereupon Piron started and whispered to the Commodore, "By George, Cleveland! is that youth's name Henry, and does he speak French?"

"Hush, Piron! he may hear you! His mother was French, and he speaks the language like a native. She died when he was a baby, and he doesn't like to allude to it. Come, steward, we are all ready! Serve the gumbo!"

"So, my friends," exclaimed the Commodore, "you wish to hear what became of me after I last parted with you?"

"By all means, Cleveland! we are all dying to hear, and—" Here Piron's appeal was interrupted by the heavy report of a bow gun, which gave a slight, though almost imperceptible jar to the frigate.

"Smithereens! Stingo! what noise is that?" exclaimed Burns.

"Only the nine o'clock gun, Sir," replied Darcantel.

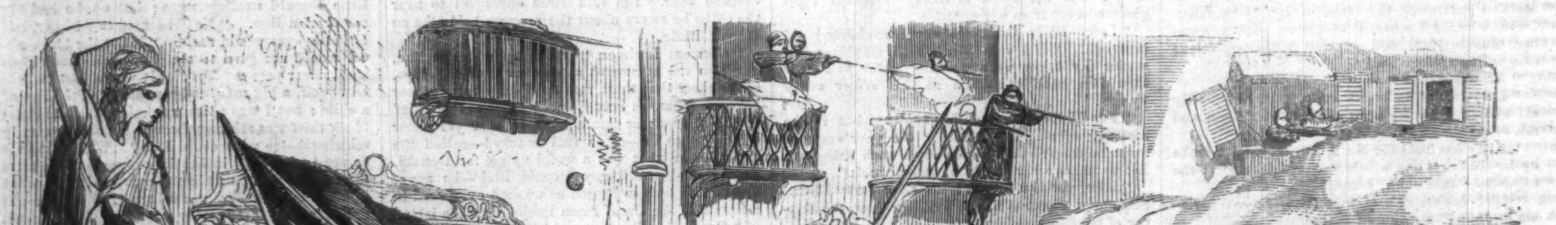
"Hech, mon!" said Stewart; "ye needna upset ma glass of auld Madeira in yer mickle fright! for I've seen the time when ye ha' laughed at the music in the report of a peestol and the ping of a bullet! But your narvous seestem seems to be unstrung ever since the sma' French dancing Count untied the string o' your waistcoat with his rapeer."

"You don't think, Paddy, the Commodore here is going to bang a forty-two pound shot into our stomachs after all the good prog he's filled them with?" added Stingo, *sotto voce*, while the rotund Milesian threw his head back and twinkled careless defiance at them all.

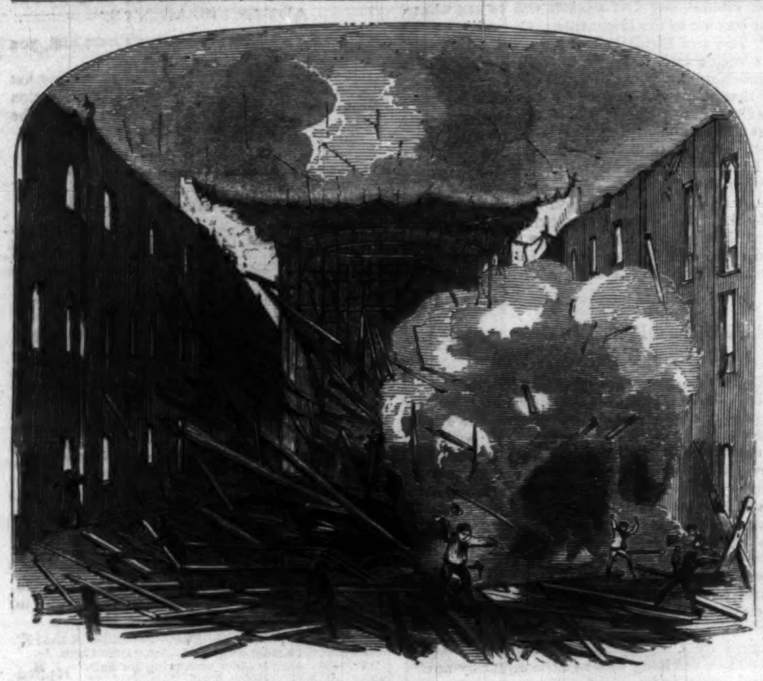
Just then the orderly swung the port cabin door open, and standing up as rigid as a pump-bolt, with a finger to the visor of his stovepipe hat, in cross-belts and bayonet, he announced "Lieutenant Hardy and Midshipman Mouse!"

"Ah, Hardy, glad to see you!" rising as he spoke; "squeeze in there between Stewart and Burns or Darcantel! Here, gentlemen, let me exhibit to you Mr. Tiny Mouse! Don't move, Piron, I'll make a place for him near me."

Saying this, the Commodore took the lad af-



CAPTURE OF A SBIRRO AT PALERMO BY THE SICILIAN INSURGENTS.—[See Page 446.]



THE ROOF OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, IN BROOKLYN, BLOWN OFF BY THE GALE, JUNE 29, 1860.—[SEE PAGE 446.]

fectionately by the hand, and as he sat him down on a chair at his elbow, and while the conversation went on with his guests, he said, in a kindly tone,

"Tiny, my dear, the first lieutenant tells me you are a good boy and attend to your duty. I hope you pay attention to your studies also, and write often to your dear mother. Ah! you do? That is right; for you know you are her only hope since your brave father was killed. There, Sir, you may swig a little claret, but don't touch those cigars."

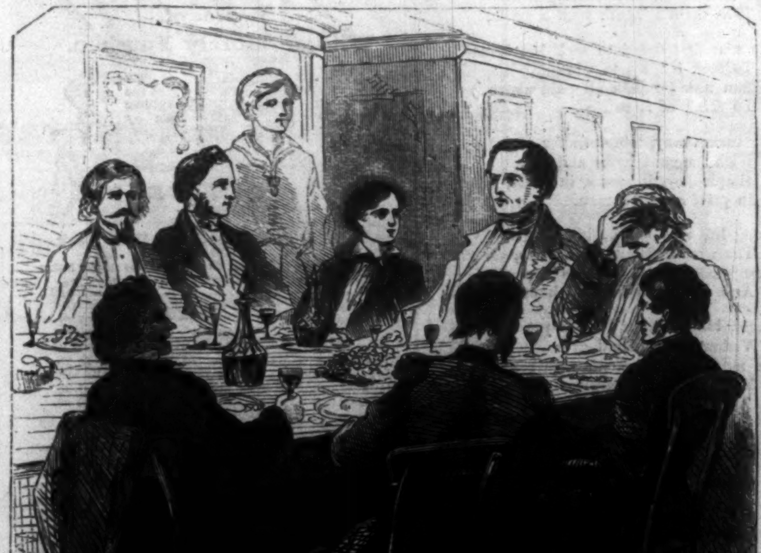
"Come, Cleveland! Cleveland! you are forgetting your adventures, my boy!"

"Well, my friends, you shall hear them."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

"THE last dinner I had in Jamaica, and a very jolly one it was, as you all know, out at Escondido, where we kept it up so late that I only got on board the *Scourge* at daylight, in time to get her under way with the land wind. Well, we were bound to windward, and for a week afterward we rolled about in a calm off Morant Bay, maybe twenty leagues off the island, and one morning we discovered a sail. She was a large merchant brig, heading any way and bobbing about, as we were, in the calm. Toward noon, however, a light air sprung up and we got within hail, and I went on board to say a word or two to the skipper, for we had news before leaving Kingston that that infamous pirate Brand, in his long-legged schooner *Centipede*, had been seen off Guadaloupe; and, in fact, we had actually chased him off Matanzas three months before; and so I was ordered to give the brig a warning, particularly as she had reported a suspicious craft in sight that same morning at sunrise. When I got on board of her I saw—"



AT THE COMMODORE'S TABLE.

Here Piron placed both hands to his face as he leaned his elbows on the table, and the Commodore checking himself, hurried on,

"Ah well! we kept the brig in sight all day and ran round her once or twice in the evening, but toward midnight the trade-wind freshened, and as the coast seemed clear, and we were anxious to make up for lost time in the calm, we gradually came up to our course and went bowling away to windward.

"I remember going below at the time, and just as I was about to turn in I heard a quartermaster sing out to Hardy there, who was junior lieutenant of the ship and who had the middle watch, that he saw a light going up to the brig's gaff. In five seconds I was on the poop, where I met the Captain.

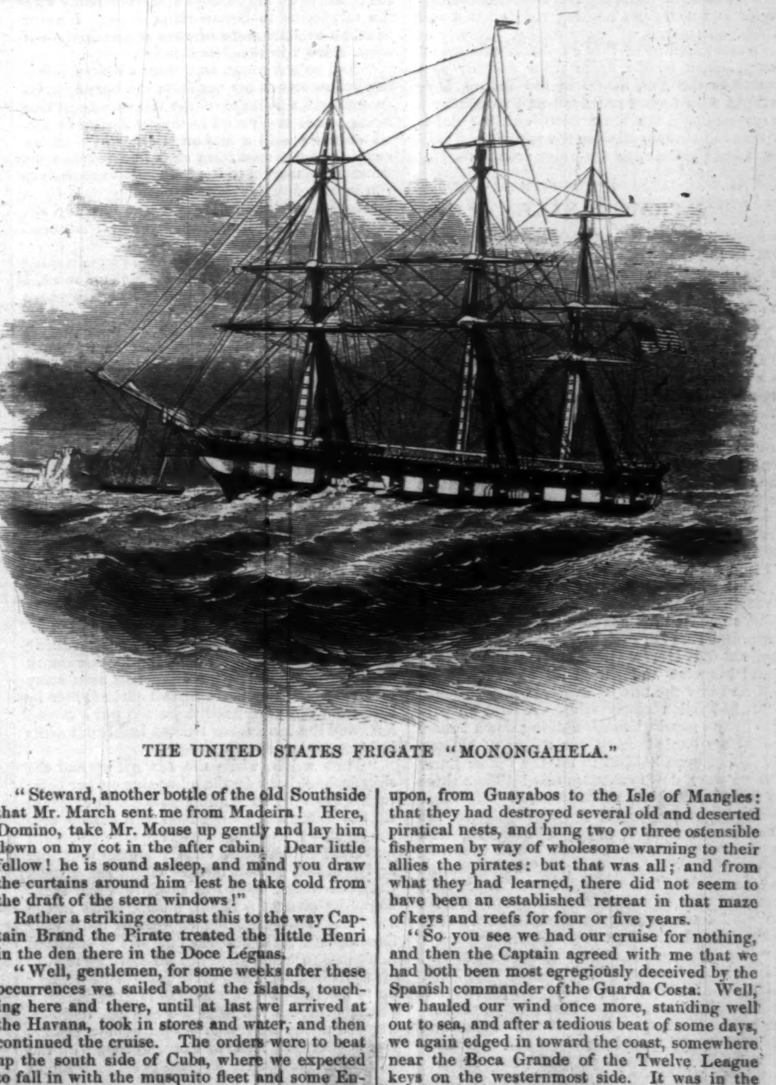
"This is his only son, gentlemen, and a braver or more skillful seaman never trod a ship's deck," said the Commodore, as he passed his hand affectionately over the boy's head who was sitting beside him.

But he forgot, perhaps, to say that he, Cleveland, had stood by the father when he was struck dead by a cannon-shot, and that afterward he had the boy appointed a reefer, and out of his own means helped the widow to eke out her pittance of a pension. Yes, Cleveland forgot all that as he smoothed the youngster's soft hair, while, with the men around him, he drained his glass in silence to the memory of his departed friend and chief. Then resuming, he went on,

"In less than no time after the light was seen—for you must know, gentlemen, that it was an understood signal between us—the *Scourge* was flying off with a stiff breeze abaft the beam, the crew at quarters, and the boats ready to be lowered from the davits. When we ranged up alongside the brig, and even before, we felt certain that our misgivings would prove true, and so they did; and merely slamming a shot over her and dropping a couple of armed boats into the water, we luffed round her bows, and there we saw that cursed schooner—venomous snake as she was—just hoisting her sails and creeping away to windward.

"We let her have two or three divisions of grape, and followed the dose up with round shot. I am sure we hit her, and that pretty hard, for we knocked away her fore-topmast, and we saw the splinters fly in showers from her hull. However, she was well handled and lying nearer the wind than the *Scourge*: when day dawned she was clear out of range and leaving us every minute. So we up helm and ran down again to the brig to see what mischief had been done and to pick up our boats.

"Ah, yes! you all know what had taken place, so I won't go over the details; but the same afternoon, after seeing the brig pointed straight for Port Royal, and while we were once more on our course, we fell in with a water-logged boat in which were half a dozen dead and dying men. One, a mongrel Indian from Yucatan, who was frightfully torn by two or three grape-shot, before he died on board—as did all the others—gave us, in his confused dialect, some account of the Pirate he had served under, and the haunt he frequented. As near as we could learn, the haunt was situated somewhere on the south side of Cuba, on a rocky island having a safe and secure inlet; but as he did not know the latitude or longitude, we were left somewhat in the dark. The last words, however, the mangled wretch uttered as the gasping breath was leaving his body, were that the spot could be distinguished by a tall cocoa-nut tree which grew from a craggy eminence in the middle of the island. We buried them all, pirates as they were, decently, and then we clapped on all sail on our course.



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "MONONGAHELA."

"Steward, another bottle of the old Southside that Mr. March sent me from Madeira! Here, Domino, take Mr. Mouse up gently and lay him down on my cot in the after cabin. Dear little fellow! he is sound asleep, and mind you draw the curtains around him lest he take cold from the draft of the stern windows!"

Rather a striking contrast this to the way Captain Brand the Pirate treated the little Henri in the den there in the Doce Léguas.

"Well, gentlemen, for some weeks after these occurrences we sailed about the islands, touching here and there, until at last we arrived at the Havana, took in stores and water, and then continued the cruise. The orders were to beat up the south side of Cuba, where we expected to fall in with the musquito fleet and some English vessels, especially detailed to destroy two or three nests of pirates who had for some years swarmed in those seas and infested that coast. In the course of time we beat all around the south side of Cuba, and at last dropped anchor in St. Jago, where we learned from the English Consular Agent that five or six fellows, who had been wrecked on the Carvalo reef were identified as having been part of a piratical crew who had plundered an English vessel with a free passport bound to Havana, and had been sent there in irons for trial.

"The truth was, that the Spanish Colonial authorities had so long connived, winked at, or been indifferent to what was going on during the wars of the Continent that they allowed these piratical hordes to exist and thrive at their very doors. The matter had already been brought to the notice of the Administrador of the port, and all other ports as far along the coast as Cienfuegos, and in such a threatening manner too, that the Governor at St. Jago, fearful of having his town blown down, exerted himself in the arrest of the rascals I have alluded to, and likewise in procuring information by dispatching Guarda Costas along the south side of the island.

"Accordingly, the very morning we anchored I went ashore with the Captain of the Custom-house, where we met the Deputy Administrador and a little withered, one-eyed old rascal, who was in the Colonial service, and who professed to know the haunt, or at least he said he thought he did, of that notorious villain Brand.

"I remember distinctly spreading a chart before him, and while he traced with the end of his cigarrito a course for the Captain to steer by, I stood near watching him narrowly. But the fact was, that he had the very sharpest spark of an eye set, or rather standing out, beside his nose that any body ever saw in a human being's head; and instead of me watching him he seemed to be looking straight through me and divining my thoughts and suspicions. However, the spot he pointed out, and the way he described it, with a cocoa-nut tree on top of a rock and the passage through the reef, so nearly corresponded with the confused account the Yucatanese gave us before he died, that the Captain was entirely convinced we were on the scent, though I, myself, was not more than half satisfied. The place indicated was near the Isle of Pines, three hundred miles off; but to make the thing more plausible, that one-eyed old scoundrel was detailed to run along the Doce Léguas keys, see what information he could pick up there, and then follow down after us.

"That night, or early the next morning, we were off again, and ran down the coast, with a good offing to keep the wind, until we got to the ground and passed in by Cape St. Francis and doubled round into the Bight of Pines. There we fell in with a whole fleet of English and American cruisers and schooner craft, who informed us that they had searched every accessible spot where a man could walk dry shod upon, from Guayabos to the Isle of Mangles: that they had destroyed several old and deserted piratical nests, and hung two or three ostensible fishermen by way of wholesome warning to their allies the pirates: but that was all; and from what they had learned, there did not seem to have been an established retreat in that maze of keys and reefs for four or five years.

"So you see we had our cruise for nothing, and then the Captain agreed with me that we had both been most egregiously deceived by the Spanish commander of the Guarda Costa. Well, we hauled our wind once more, standing well out to sea, and after a tedious beat of some days, we again edged in toward the coast, somewhere near the Boca Grande of the Twelve League keys on the westernmost side. It was in the morning when we made the land, and steering close in, we got a good slant off the shore and kept the glasses going from the topmost cross-trees down, all through the day. For my part, as Hardy may perhaps remember, I scarcely took the glass from my eye for eight hours, and from the mizzen-top I feel quite sure that there were not many objects, from the size of a blade of grass to a mangrove bush, that I did not examine, from the coral reefs up to the rocky heights, let alone the cocoa-nut tree that we were in search of.

"Toward afternoon, however, the weather came up hazy, the wind began to fall off, and the barometer began to exhibit very queer spasms indeed; rising with a sort of jerk at first, and then dropping down the tenth of an inch at a clip, with the atmosphere becoming close and sultry, and the men gasping about the decks as if we were about to choke at the next breath. It was during the hurricane months, and the indications certainly should have led us as far as our legs could carry us to open water, instead of being caught embayed perhaps with half a thousand reefs around us on what might prove a lee-shore; but nevertheless the Captain decided to hold on till sunset and then make an offing. The breeze still held in the upper sails, and so we slipped on in smooth water till about five o'clock, when I heard a fellow sing out from the main-royal yard,

"'On deck there! I can see a tall cocoa-nut tree on an island here on the port bow!'

"Before the words were well out of his mouth I too caught the object, and I knew at the first glance that it was the spot we were looking for. At the same time the haze lighted up a bit, and we saw the ridge of rocks and every thing as the haunt of that pirate Brand had been described to us. So, my friends, we were all alive once more on board the *Scourge*, and the Captain resolved to dash in upon the scoundrel's nest before he could have time to leave it.

"The engine was rigged and water spurted over the sails from the trucks down, to make the canvas hold the wind, and in an hour after we were within two leagues of the island, and just as the sun fell below the horizon we caught sight of the mast-heads of a large vessel sticking up over some bluff rocks near the bold shore. Not five minutes later the hull of the craft came slowly out from the gap, under all sail, and we discovered her to be a long and rather lumbering-looking brigantine, painted lead color, and bearing no resemblance to the schooner we had twice chased before. Simultaneously, however, with her coming out into full view, as she rounded in her head yards and got a pull of the main sheet with the breeze abeam and heading to the eastward, we beheld a great volume of white smoke spout up over the rock near the cocoa-nut tree, with a vivid sheet of flame at the base, and before the vast column turned, like the crown of a palm-tree, in its descent, we were greeted by a dull, heavy roar, the concussion of which fairly made the *Scourge* tremble. Then, as the white smoke partially broke away, an avalanche of rocks and timbers were scattered far and near, and nothing visible but a vail of dust and masses of heavy smoke. Nearly at the same moment of this explosion wreaths of heavy, black smoke arose from another spot nearer to the gap, lit up in the fading, hazy twilight with forked red fires, and soon after a great conflagration burst forth, swirling flakes of burning cinders all over the island, and casting a lurid glare upon the water around us."

CHAPTER XXXV.

AND THE PITCH HOT.

Said the Commodore, with a knowing shake of his head, "Ah, gentlemen, if the fellow, whoever he was, who was creeping away so nimbly in that lazy-looking brigantine, with English colors at the peak, had written down in detail what he had been doing on that secluded nook of an island, and sent the information off to us in a letter, we could have read it without breaking the seal! We could have told him that that little scoundrel with one eye had purposely misled us, and had given him warning to quit his stronghold; and that he had hastily got his plunder and people on board his vessel, blown up and set fire to his nest, and that the brigantine he was now on board of was once upon a time the notorious schooner *Centipede!* Yes, we knew all that by instinct; and now I'll tell you how we acted upon it."

Piron sat with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, taking in every word as it fell from his lips, the teeth set close together and the hand clenched which supported his head on the table. Paddy Burns and Tom Stewart, too, looked eagerly that way, as did Harry Darcantel; while Hardy sipped his wine and puffed his cigar leisurely, as if he knew the tale by heart.

"It had fallen nearly calm. A light air perhaps in the royals, though nothing down below. But as we hauled down our colors at sunset, which had been hoisted to let the fellow know who we were, down came his also! Then there we both lay looking at each other. He knew by instinctive experience that we were the American corvette *Scourge*, mounting eighteen twenty-four pounder carronades and two long eighteens in the bow ports; for the brigantine had once or twice determined their exact calibres, and that we were the fastest cruiser, with the wind a point or two free, that had been seen in the West Indies for twenty years.

"Yes, he knew all about us, but he was still a little in doubt whether we knew all about *him*. He lay—unfortunately, perhaps, for him—a little beyond the range of our long guns, or else he might have been spared a good deal of time and uneasiness, and we a long chase and considerable risk. Ah! as the night came, the very fires he had kindled in his den on shore prevented his escape; for while the calm lasted the bright flames shone upon him with the glare of hell! There they lay all that night without moving a muscle or a mile until day dawned; and such a day as did dawn!

"Meanwhile the barometer had fallen an inch and a half, until the master began to believe the bulb leaked and the mercury was dropping into the case. Then through the murky gloom of daylight, with the sea one flat greasy surface with never the splash of a fish to disturb it, while the lowest whisper of the topmen aloft could be distinctly heard on deck—as if we were hung in the vacuum of an exhausted receiver where a feather would drop like a bullet—suddenly there came a sound from the direction of the keys. Suppose, Burns, you saw a forty-two pound shot coming toward you, and without you dodged quick your head would be flying off with it in the same direction?"

"Whist, mon!" said Stewart, with a groan; "dinna be calling up sic peectures of the brain, Cleveland. Paddy there ne'er thinks of ony meesals bigger than a peestol bullet."

"Well, my friends, we ran precisely a similar risk, though the cloudy embrasures over the island had not quite enough thunder to reach us. However, the brigantine knew what would follow as well as we did—better, perhaps—and before you could swallow that glass of wine, she was stripped as bare as a bone; and down came her yards, too, but keeping the sticks up and spreading a patch of a storm stay-sail forward that you might, apparently, have put in your pocket. Her decks and rigging were crowded with men while she was doing all this; but the moment it was done, and well done too, they ran into their holes below like so many rats, and we could only see a man or two left on deck near the helm.

"All hands had been called on board the *Scourge* at four o'clock, and with the exception of securing the battery, every thing was ready to make a skeleton of the ship the moment we saw the brigantine begin; for she was a wary fish, and we had no idea of letting her give us the slip the third time. I had the trumpet, however, and with the Captain at my elbow, the instant he saw that the brigantine was once more rigged nearly in her old way he gave me the word, 'Now, Cleveland, work sharp!'

"With a hundred and twenty men aloft, jumping about like cats, the light sails, studding-sail booms, royal and top-gallant yards came down, the top-gallant masts after them, and the flying jib-boom rigged in. Then the topsails close reefed and furled with extra gaskets, and so with the courses; preventer braces clapped on, rolling tackles hooked, and the spare purchases set up by the lower pennants. Meanwhile, the divisions on deck had got hawsers over the launch amidships, the chains unbent, the anchors lashed down on the forecastle, and the quarter boats triced well inboard and secured with the davits. At the same time the light stuff from aloft was got below, the hammocks piped down, and the carpenters slapped the gratings on the hatches and stood ready with the tarpaulins to batten them down. I never beheld a smarter piece of work done afloat—not even, Hardy, in the *Monongahela*.

"As I turned round an instant a hoarse, howling bellow struck my ear from the island, and I just caught a glimpse of the tall cocoa-nut tree flying round and round in the air like an inverted umbrella with a broken stick; while at the same time the men from aloft had reached the deck, and jumping to the battery, the guns were run in and housed, spare breechings and extra lashings passed, and life-lines rove fore and aft. After that, gentlemen, there was no further need of a trumpet!

"You all know pretty well what sort of a thing a hurricane is, and the one I speak of must, I think, have given you a touch of its quality here in Jamaica."

"Ay, by the holy Moses! we remember it well, bad luck to it! and so does Tom Stewart and Piron there; for it didn't lave a stick of sugar-cane standing from Montego Bay to Cape Antonio!"

"Yes," said Stewart, "and to show ye what a piff of wind can do, the whirl of it caught up an eighteen-foot Honduras plank and laid it crosswise, like an axe, full seven inches into an old Tamarind trunk standing in my garden, and then twisted off the ends like a heather broom! Hech, mon! ye may see it there now any day!"

Piron was thinking of the barks that were driving before that hurricane, with no thought of the damage done to his own plantations.

"Well, then, I shall spare you all prolix description of it; and you need only fancy a ship blown every where and every how except out of water—now with the lower yard arms cutting deep into the sea like rakes, the lee hammock nettings under water, the stern boat torn away into splinters, the main-topsail picked, bolt by bolt, from the yard until there was not a thread left, and the lee anchor twisted bodily out of its lashings and swept overboard!

"Then a lull, while the sea got up and the ship dashed down on the other side on her bow; then staggering back and making a stern-board till the water was plunged up in a deluge over the poop. Recovering herself again and almost quivering on her beam ends, the guns groaning and creaking as the terrible strain came upon the breechings, with the shot from the racks bounding about the decks, dinting holes in the solid oak waterways big enough to wash your face in, and then hopping out of the smashed half-ports to leeward. The spar-deck up to your arm-pits in water, and every man of us holding on to the life-lines or standing rigging like grim death, while all the time the roaring, thundering yell of the hurricane taught us how powerless we were, by hand or voice, to cope with the winds when they were let loose in all their might and fury!

"Nor need I relate to you the scene presented below: mess-chests, bags, tables, crockery, flying from deck and beam to stanchion, smashing about in the most dangerous way, pell-mell, while the worst of the tempest lasted. But, gentlemen, the *Scourge* had a frame of live-oak, to say nothing of two or three acres of tough yellow-pine timber in her, a good deal of fibrous hemp to hold the masts up; and, moreover, she was well manned, and, though I say it myself, she had a skillful captain and—thorough-bred officers, in whose sagacity the crew could rely, to manage that old *Scourge*."

"That she had," exclaimed Hardy; "and the most skillful and the coolest of them all was the first lieutenant!" The *Monongahela's* executive officer here bounced off his chair as if he was prepared to fight any man breathing who did not subscribe to that opinion.

"Well, my friends, that awful hurricane continued for about twenty hours, from late one morning till the beginning of the next. As for day, there was none; for the sea and black clouds made one long night of it. Fortunately, too, we had been driven off shore, and when the murky gloom broke away and we were able to look around, our first anxiety was to see what had become of the brigantine.

"Yes, and I truly believe, in all that turmoil of the elements, while we were on the brink of foundering and going down to old Davy's locker, that there was not an officer or man, from the Captain to the cook, who was not thinking of that Pirate and hoping that he might go down first. I myself, however, felt a sort of confidence, as I was held lashed on the poop to the mizzen rigging, that the brigantine might be caught and whirled about—so long as she was above water—by the same blows of the hurricane that beat upon the *Scourge*; and when the tornado broke and some one sang out, 'Sail ho!' I knew by instinct it must be the *Centipede*."

CAPTURE OF A SBIRRO AT PALERMO.

Every one has heard of the sbirri—the spies of Italy—who are hired by the governments to betray their political enemies, and who are the chief instruments of the hideous tortures and cruelties of the Bombas and the Popes. For centuries the *sbirro* has been an Italian institution, and for just as long have the people hated him with a hatred not less blood-thirsty than his own feelings. Our engraving will show how the people of Palermo are dealing with the unfortunate creatures of this class who have the mischance to fall into their hands. Their cry is, that the Neapolitan soldiers may be spared but that the *sbirri* must die. The artist who drew the picture which we publish herewith, saw the poor wretch whose capture it depicts dragged from his hiding-place, hustled through the streets, and hung with as little ceremony as if he had been a dog.

UNROOFING OF THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We publish on page 445 a picture of the unroofing of the Academy of Music in Brooklyn by a sudden gust of wind on 29th June last. The occurrence took place at 5.30 P.M., when about fifty men were at work on the building. Of these about twenty were injured by the accident, two or three, it is feared, fatally.

The portion of the roof which fell was all that covering the main part of the building, immediately over the auditorium—132 feet long by 92 feet wide, and nearly 80 feet from the ground. The main cross-pieces, made of timbers 8 by 12 inches, doubled; the rafters and girders, about 4 by 6 inches, were up, and workmen were engaged in putting up the walls at the time of the accident. The rafters, with girder or base piece attached, at the westerly end of the building, toward Clinton Street, was first blown against the second, and so on in turn the whole fell "like a row of bricks," as described by a man who witnessed the accident. The mass of timber falling upon the girders, of which there were eight, caused them to break and fall.

HER BRIDAL.

The clanging steeple dins the air,
The banners flutter gay,
The maidens scatter roses fair
Along their homeward way;

And courtly bends the gallant, proud
To lead so sweet a bride;
She turns upon the greeting crowd
No gentle look aside;

No tender glance of love apart
To her high lord the while,
For memory of one trusting heart
That thrill'd 'neath such a smile,

He who first dared to seek her love—
To seek it? ay, to win—
Whom now (O pain all pain above!)
To think of is to sin.

He turns away, too stern for tears,
With haggard looks and wan,
A simple boy, it seems, in years,
In grief an agèd man.

Long life may yet be his, to give
The wreck of faith full scope,
Long years of suffering to live
And nurse the widow'd hope:

Long, long unsolac'd vigils yet,
Visions of sadden'd eyes
To mock the mourner's mad regret
With guilty sympathies.

Not falling on some foreign strand,
In battle's reddest glow,
With dinted brand in fainting hand,
And face toward the foe;

Not sinking with some shatter'd ship,
Were it so hard to part
From her whose name were on the lip,
Whose image on the heart:

Not bending o'er the hopeless bed,
Watching the dear one die—
Kneeling beside the dear one dead,
Were half the agony

That sears the soul, and burns the brow,
At consciousness of this,
That lips once his are shrinking now
Beneath a barter'd kiss!

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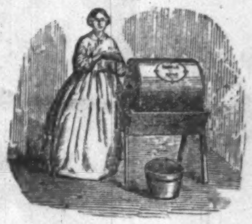

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